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COLLIER'S WEEKLY

AN ILLUSTRATED
JOURNAL OF

ART LITERATURE &
CURRENT EVENTS

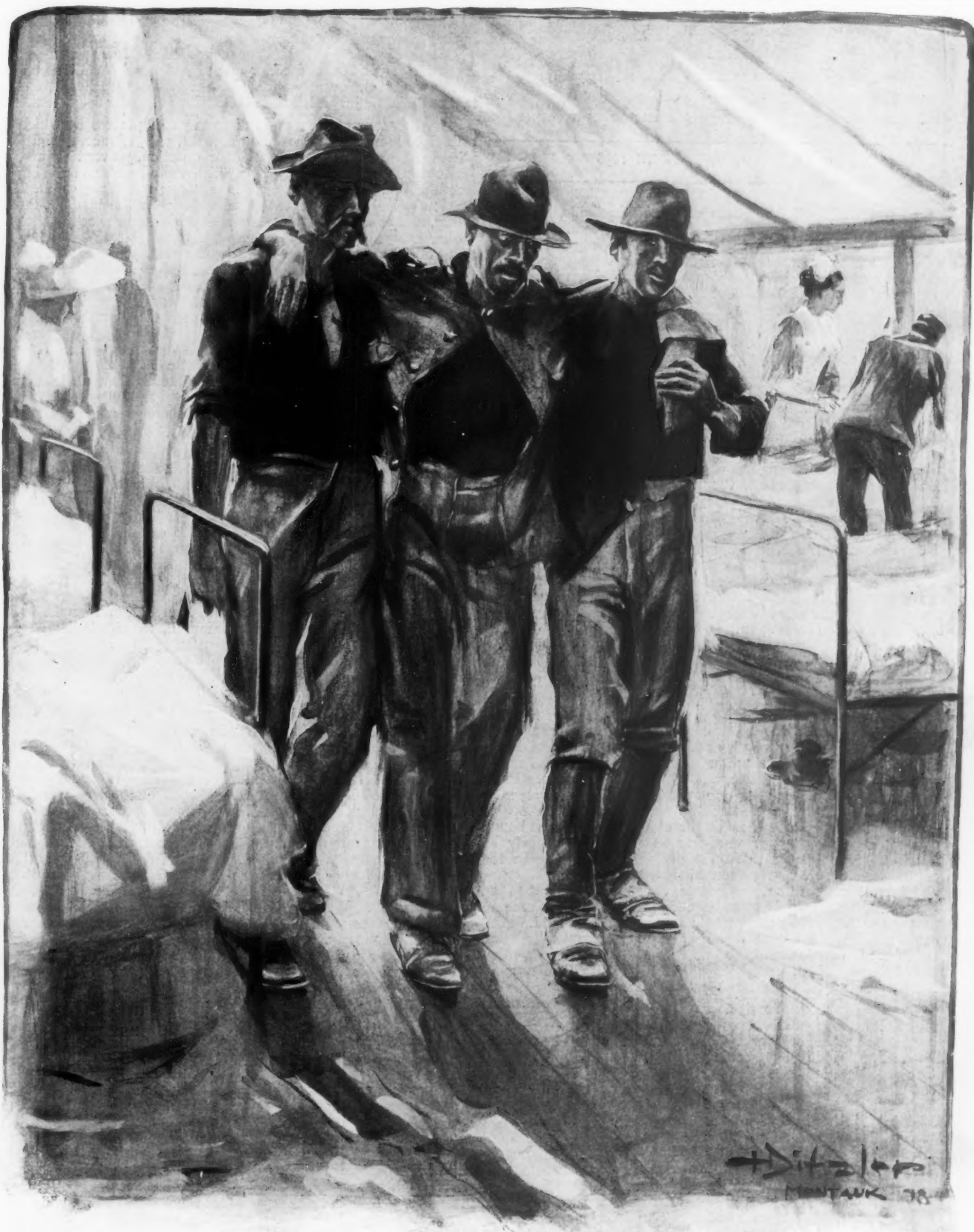


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AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL, CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT

Drawn by HUGH DITZLER. (See page 11.)

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THE EDITOR COLLIER'S WEEKLY NEW YORK CITY

ROBERT J. COLLIER, EDITOR

FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

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NEW YORK SEPTEMBER TENTH 1898

TO WILHELMENA, Queen of the Netherlands, Princess of Nassau-Orange, and, incidentally, Grand Duchess, greeting. Your tolerably immature majesty the ghosts of the burghers of Nieu Amsterdam salute. Your imperfected grace the wraiths of departed stadtholders proclaim. In their high Valhalla the shades of sea dogs toast the promise of your years to be. For your throne, madam, if small, is lustrous. In the gleam of your diadem is the sparkle of great deeds. About your scepter circles a chronicle dear to Manhattanese. Before the Hollow Land, over which your sovereignty extends, was turned into a kingdom, the gold and lemon of its Prinsenvlag shoved Spain into a back seat and threw England into fits. In the high Valhalla, in which, madam, you are being toasted now, stands Van Tromp. After smashing two Peninsular fleets and doing up a British squadron, he nailed a broom to his masthead. Madam, he had swept the seas. Behind him in the penumbra loom the figures of De Ruyter, of Witte de With, and of Evertsen. Madam, the latter took New York. The victories of the others are as long as your arm. After Farragut and Nelson, line abreast with the naval heroes of all time, they have stood, and well. Madam, on and near and circumjacent to that Bouverie, where, it may have reached your ears, such things are done, such things are said, sisters, cousins, aunts, fellow-countrymen, and other relatives of these conquistadors, once loved and lived. A few of their descendants linger still. Madam, may your reign be long. With the ghosts of forgotten burghers they too salute you.

SPAIN desires the return of her Lares. The wish is natural. The Lares are the ashes of Columbus. It is assumed that they rest in the Havanese Cathedral. Possibly they are still in San Domingo. But that is a detail. It is the sentiment which is to be considered, not the sarcophagus. Like the wish, it is natural. That both should be gratified is matter of course. The point is that the return of that which remains, or that which is supposed to remain, of Columbus, should be effected not negligently, not with indifference, but with splendid pomp. Prior to the olive branch and the protocol, it was the government's intention to grant Commodore Watson a furlough in Spain. That his leave of absence might be enjoyable he was to be accompanied by as many men-of-war as could conveniently be spared. With this excursion the protocol interfered. In the circumstances were he now commissioned to make for Havana, and from there, with becoming state, to convoy the Lares to the Peninsula, the act would be so beautiful, the spectacle so unique, that the nations of the earth would stand by and applaud. And could the Lares be but conveyed on the resurrected "Colon" and transferred with that ship to our defeated foe, the proceeding would be sufficiently magnificent, and, parenthetically, sufficiently ironical to make those nations reflect.

AFTER HAWAII, Jamaica. The lady's desire to get on board too, while commendable, is embarrassing. It is all very well to be nice and polite, but, what with the thousand and one sultanas in the Pacific, the Ship of State will need overhauling if she is to carry any more. In addition, there is the example and the contagion of it to be considered. If Jamaica be admitted into the family circle, who knows but what that black wench of a Hayti will want to smuggle in too. Then there are the Leewards, the Windward set, the Bahamas, and the lot of them. And a bad lot they are. Long ago the government cut St. Thomas in the street. There is no reason why it should hand Jamaica up the hatchway now. Besides, it is an island with a past. Since the year 1, when it was known as Xaymaca, its career has been a compound of rum and of crime. There was an epoch when its tastes wavered between earthquakes, massacres and buccaneers. Latterly its behavior has been more in consonance with the usages of good society, but it is an island with

a past all the same. No good ever came from there. We have no real use for it, and we have enough shady territories as it is.

MR. CHOATE recently delivered an address to the Bar Association, in the course of which he patted the system of trial by jury on the back, and cited several instances which displayed the advantage of this form of procedure. The examples which Mr. Choate exhibited were good, but, with entire deference to him, there is one which is better. It occurred in Maine. A man was tried for murder. The evidence, while circumstantial, was otherwise super-sufficient. His motive was apparent, his opportunity also. Threats which he had made were recalled. The bloody weapon was shown to be his. In short, it was a clear case. It was expected that the jury would return a verdict without leaving the pen. Instead of which they retired, remained in seclusion for the rest of the day, and then acquitted the prisoner. Even the judge was confused. Subsequently it was learned that of the twelve, eleven were for conviction. The twelfth, through arguments which he presented on the fallacies of circumstantial evidence, talked them over. Years later, when that twelfth gentleman died, or rather just before he did so, he confessed that the murderer was himself. Since then the advantages of trial by jury have been too obvious to suffer detracting.

DR. LILIENFELD'S teutonic discovery of a process by which artificial albumen may be manufactured, will, if successful application be possible, solve the labor question, prevent strikes, produce peace everlasting, and abolish the advantage of being a millionaire. The if which is there, though it looks small, is ponderable. But eliminate it, and with it go the butcher, the baker, and as abruptly too as electricity whisked the candlestick maker away. Man will no longer live to eat. For the furtherment of that noble purpose he will cease to struggle, to toil, and fight and lie. The stalled ox, the dish of herbs, the fatted calf itself will pass from legend into myth. Mrs. Pinkham and Dr. Pierce may continue to advertise, but there will be pellets more astounding than theirs. We may want but little of them here below, yet we shall hardly want that little long. They won't bring the millennium, of course. That is beyond our reach. Assuming, however, that the possibilities which the discovery indicates are realized, time will be so heavy that in the wide leisuress of the future, humanity, after solving every problem, and with nothing save the swallowing of future pills to do, will bore itself to death. Dr. Lilienfeld, gesegnete Mahlzeit.

THE "PARIS FIGARO" has been recently tormenting celebrities about their early ideals. The majority of the replies which it produces are fit to print, but only in French. In addition, they are obviously made to order. But that was to be expected, and there is the silliness of it. Were one of our local sheets to engage in a similar enterprise, it may be assumed that instead of asking celebrities what they once hoped to do and didn't, it would ask what they had not expected and had done. Dewey and Sampson are cases in point. Dewey, for instance, if properly approached, would probably swear that as a lad he no more dreamed of breakfasting off a Spanish squadron than he had of coquetting with the Queen. Sampson, too, if similarly approached, would presumably affirm that, could he have foreseen the fight at Santiago, wild torpedo boats would have been impotent to budge him from the spot. There are these, there are others, enough to fill a guide-book with valuable hints. Should the "Figaro" go at it again, it won't hurt it to go the right way.

THE "SATURDAY REVIEW," in a recent issue, provides a scholarly paper on national games. After discussing some with which it is familiar, and others with which, perhaps, it is less so, it notes that the palm for "elegant recreation" is carried off by ourselves. Now that we have forced our unwelcome help on the rascally Cuban, and the excitement of war is at an end, we are, it adds, again turning our attention to lynch law, which it describes as our national sport. The statement is profound, and, unfortunately, correct. The fault is due to the fact that we are not all as elegant as the recreative editors of the "Saturday Review." Were it otherwise our sports would be bloomingly British. What is more, there would be less indifference to the Alliance which has been proposed. Every man jack of us would stop stringing up Southern negroes and join with England in fresh massacres of African blacks. It is regrettable that for that we should as yet be insufficiently cultivated, but with the "Review's" instructions and constant prayer, no doubt the necessary sanctimoniousness will be ultimately attained.

EDGAR SALTUS.

THE EFFECT OF OUR WAR ON EUROPE

IT was a sagacious diplomatist who, when he heard of the protocol that had been arranged through the good offices of M. Cambon between the United States and Spain, remarked that it was already patent that our war would leave a deep impress upon Europe. It is, indeed, sufficiently clear that the outcome of the contest will affect directly France and England, as well as the Iberian Peninsula, and, indirectly, Germany and Russia, to say nothing of the possible world-wide consequences of the Czar's proposal for a partial disarmament, a proposal apparently provoked by the new international position acquired by the American Republic. At the significance of that proposal and the chances of its acceptance, we may glance at

another time; for the moment, we confine ourselves to the obvious effect which our contest with Spain is likely to produce upon other European countries.

In the first place, it seems manifest that, for Spain, unassisted, there is scarcely any hope of escape from financial prostration and political effacement. In her history for the last two hundred years, there is no ground for the belief that her national regeneration can be accomplished by native hands. It would require the intellect, the will and the power of a Napoleon Bonaparte to purge the bureaucracy of incapacity and dishonesty, to free the army from the corruption which robs the common soldier of arms and ammunition, of pay, clothing and food, to rehabilitate the finances and abate the burden of the public debt, to extinguish bigotry and diffuse education, and, above all, to rehabilitate the waning agriculture and the stunted industries. An autocratic ruler possessed of Napoleon's gift for organization and stimulation might reasonably look forward to restoring Spain to the high rank in the scale of politico-economic importance which she has twice occupied, for, with the exception of the vanished forests, which might be replaced, the natural resources are still there which, in the first century of the Roman Empire, and, again, under the Ommyad Caliphs, are believed to have supported a population of forty millions. But, in the absence of one of those supreme political architects, of whom Europe has seen only half a dozen in a thousand years, Spain seems certain to undergo, if left to her own guidance, the same process of deterioration to which she has been subjected for more than a century and a half, since Alberoni's short-lived attempt at a revival of her prosperity. It matters not what superficial changes the form of government may experience, whether the Queen-Regent Christina is suffered to transmit her husband's crown to Alfonso XIII., or whether she is superseded by Don Carlos, or whether both branches of the Bourbon Dynasty are thrust aside by a republic, the same inefficiency and improbity will be exhibited by officials in the civil and military administration; the industries hitherto kept alive artificially through a monopoly of colonial markets will collapse and agriculture, already decadent, will be still further discouraged by being obliged to bear the whole weight of extortionate taxation. The tillers of the soil, who now constitute but a fourth part of the Spanish population, will soon find themselves in the helpless and hopeless condition, which, as Guizot has pointed out, caused the exhausted Roman provincials of the fourth century in Gaul and Spain to welcome political change, even although it should involve a serious impairment of their civilization.

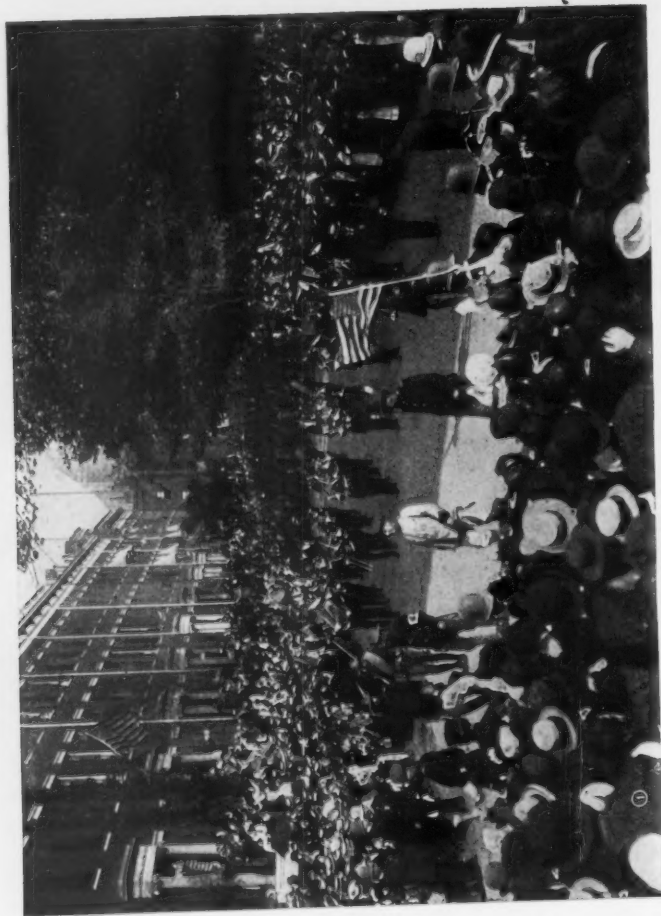
The single ray of hope for Spain lies in a political change which would materially improve, rather than damage, the character of her civilization; namely, the frank acceptance of the position of a ward of France. That position is already virtually hers; it became hers when, on the ground that her securities to the amount of nearly nine hundred millions of dollars were in the hands of French investors, she implored the French Foreign Office to avert the loss of her colonies by effecting a concerted interposition of the European powers on her behalf. That tutelary role was undertaken by M. Hanotaux, although vainly owing to Great Britain's attitude, and it was in pursuance of the same function of protectorship that M. Cambon was instructed by his government to obtain from President McKinley the most generous terms of peace compatible with the just requirements of the United States. It was unquestionably due to this mediation on the part of France that our government refrained from exacting a pecuniary indemnity which Spain, straitened as she may be, is at least better able to pay than was Turkey in 1878. When the war is over, Spaniards will recognize that they owe the retention of the Canaries, the Balearic Isles, the Carolines, a part of the Ladrones, and, possibly, a part of the Philippines, and, also, the immunity of Cadiz, Barcelona and other seaports from bombardment, to the good offices of the French Republic, and they will, henceforth, look upon her as their guardian and defender. With the help of French financiers, the burden of Spain's public debt may be lightened in a sensible degree; that is to say, the rate of interest may be lowered, and the arrangements for a sinking fund may be made less onerous; at all events, to skilled economists who can command vast capital, such as are to be found in France, the Spanish financial problem should not seem more insoluble than that presented in Egypt just before the deposition of Ismail Khedive. If French capitalists believed that their practical control of Spain was assured for several generations, they could impart an immense stimulus to Spanish agriculture, by opening a market in France for certain products of the Peninsula, by restoring the irrigation works of the Moors, by replanting the deforested tracts, and by increasing the demand for food staples at home through the extensive exploitation of the mineral stores which are still practicably inexhaustible. The French government would, unquestionably, promote such applications of French capital, in consideration, on the one hand, of a commercial treaty that should afford to French manufactures a permanent market south of the Pyrenees, and, on the other, an offensive and defensive alliance that, in the event of war with England or with Germany, would place Ceuta, Algeciras, Minorca and the Canaries at its disposal, and would set free the army of one hundred thousand men, which, otherwise, in case of hostilities on the Rhine, would have to be detached to guard the southwestern frontier of France, from Bayonne to Roussillon. In return for her national regeneration,

Spain, of course, would also be expected to renounce, in favor of France, her pretensions to Morocco, and thus the knotty Morocco problem, which involves the future of the most fertile section of northern Africa, would be forced at once into the foreground of diplomatic controversy.

From what we have already said, it should be evident that England will have to pay for the rebuff, which she administered to France and Spain not only by refusing to take part in the proposed intervention in defense of Cuba, but by intimating that her ironclads would be found upon the side of the United States. Hitherto, notwithstanding the fact that Spanish securities were more easily disposed of in Paris than in London, Spaniards could not forget the fact that England had helped them to expel from their country the armies of Napoleon I., and, consequently, in the event of a war between France and Great Britain, they could be counted upon to preserve a genuine neutrality and not to use their coigns of vantage to block either of the routes to India, that, namely, through the Straits of Gibraltar or that around the Cape of Good Hope. Now, on the contrary, the situation will be unfavorable for England, for, with the French virtually controlling Ceuta and Algeciras, and, possibly, Minorca also, the value of Gibraltar will be minimized, and the voyage to Port Said will be seriously obstructed. The same thing would be true of the route around the Cape of Good Hope, if the French should become the practical possessors of the Canaries, for they would be able to restore its former attribute of impregnability to the fortified port of Santa Cruz, which, it will be remembered, even Nelson attacked in vain. It is likewise for strategic reasons bearing upon her routes to India that England is deeply interested in the future of Morocco; the British Foreign Office has long held that this country, lying, as it does, in the northwest angle of Africa, and extending for hundreds of miles along the Mediterranean and along the Atlantic, should either belong to a weak and friendly power like Spain, or else remain in the hands of an effete Mohammedan despot. It would be recognized as a grave mischance for England, should France gain all the Atlantic and Mediterranean ports of Morocco; and yet it will be difficult to avert such an acquisition if France secures the transfer to herself of Spain's title, which, on historical grounds, is specious, if not valid. The Spanish monarchy, it will be remembered, claims to be the heir of the Visigothic kings and of the Caliphs of Cordova, both of whom owned a part of Morocco. Nor is this all that England has to fear from the acceptance by Spain of what would be really, though not nominally, a French protectorate. The spectacle of the comparative prosperity, which Spain might recover through the inflow of French capital, could not fail to have an effect on Portugal, and, if the Lusitanian kingdom should also fall under French influence, the islands of Madeira would constitute a second source of danger to the English vessels pursuing the voyage around the Cape.

The new relation between Spain and France, which seems likely to be an outcome of the present war, will affect only indirectly the Triple Alliance on the one hand and Russia on the other. Where, however, military forces were previously supposed to be nearly balanced, it can be a matter of no light moment that the hundred thousand soldiers, which otherwise must have been enreserved to guard the Pyrenees, may now be placed upon the Rhine. The aggressive power of France being practically increased in just that proportion, the plans of Kaiser William's General Staff will have to be reconstructed, and it is hard to see how the German army destined for the Rhine can receive the needed corresponding addition without dangerously weakening the force intended to face Russia on the Vistula.

When we turn from Europe to the Far East, we perceive that the calculations of Russian, French and German statesmen have been deranged by the interjection of a new naval factor in the problem. Even if the United States had failed to annex Hawaii, and had left the Ladrones and the Philippines in the possession of Spain, it would still have been possible for Great Britain and Japan, by an offensive and defensive alliance, to postpone for a short period the further partition of China, for it will take four years to complete the Trans-Siberian Railway to Vladivostock, and six years to finish the branch through Manchuria to Port Arthur. When those lines are in operation, however, it would be difficult for England and Japan to check the southward movement of Russia, backed as the Russian naval force might be by that of Germany as well as that of France. There seems to be no doubt, however, that the American navy would turn the scale, and, now that we are planted in the Philippines, it will be at once beneficial and easy for us to co-operate with the two powers which are determined to keep the largest possible section of the Middle Kingdom open to free trade. So far, then, as the three European powers, which have contemplated the partition of China, are concerned, the knowledge that we are resolved to keep at least a part of what Dewey won for us at Cavite must excite profound disappointment and chagrin. Here, in a remote corner of the globe, where American interference was undreamed of, a mighty commonwealth comprising seventy-five million free-men, and possessed of limitless resources, suddenly throws its sword into the scale. Whether, therefore, we consider the changed international relations of European States at home or the contracted opportunities of satisfying earth-hunger in the Far East, we can see that the diplomatist was right, and that it is, in truth, a different world from that which men looked out upon at the beginning of this year.



RETURN OF THE SEVENTY-FIRST NEW YORK FROM SANTIAGO VIA MONTAUK POINT

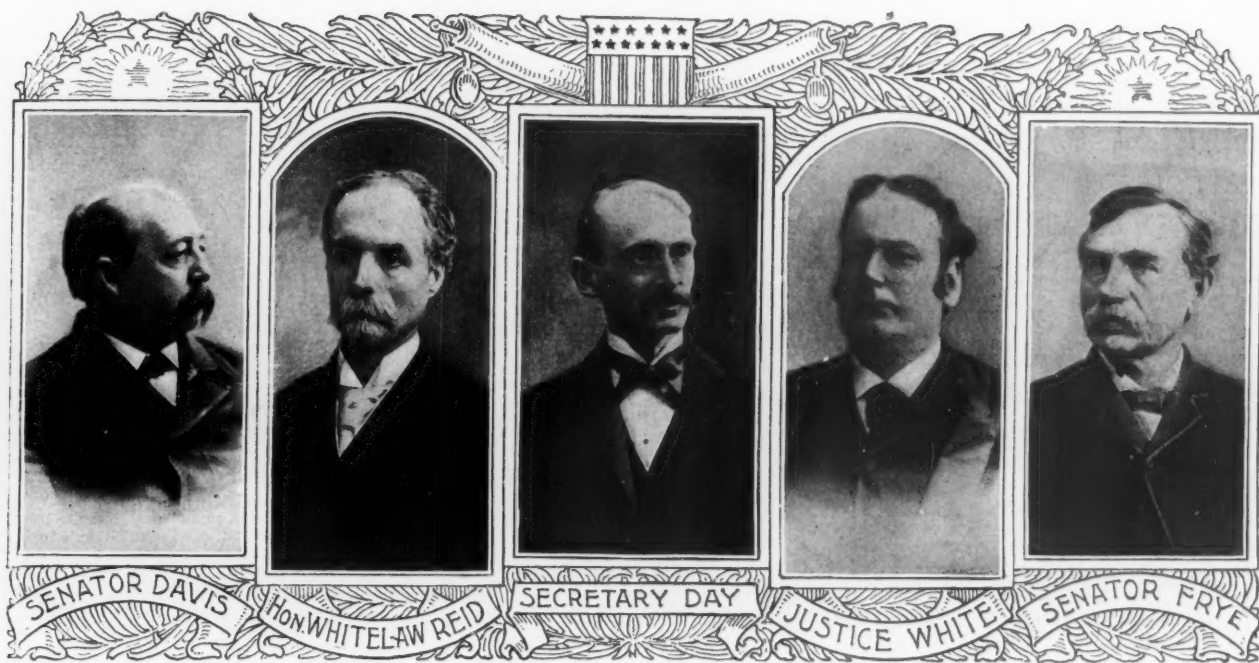
(Pictures by our Staff Photographer, JAMES H. HARR, and others)

1. The start, by Ferry, from Long Island City.

2. On the bow of the Ferryboat.

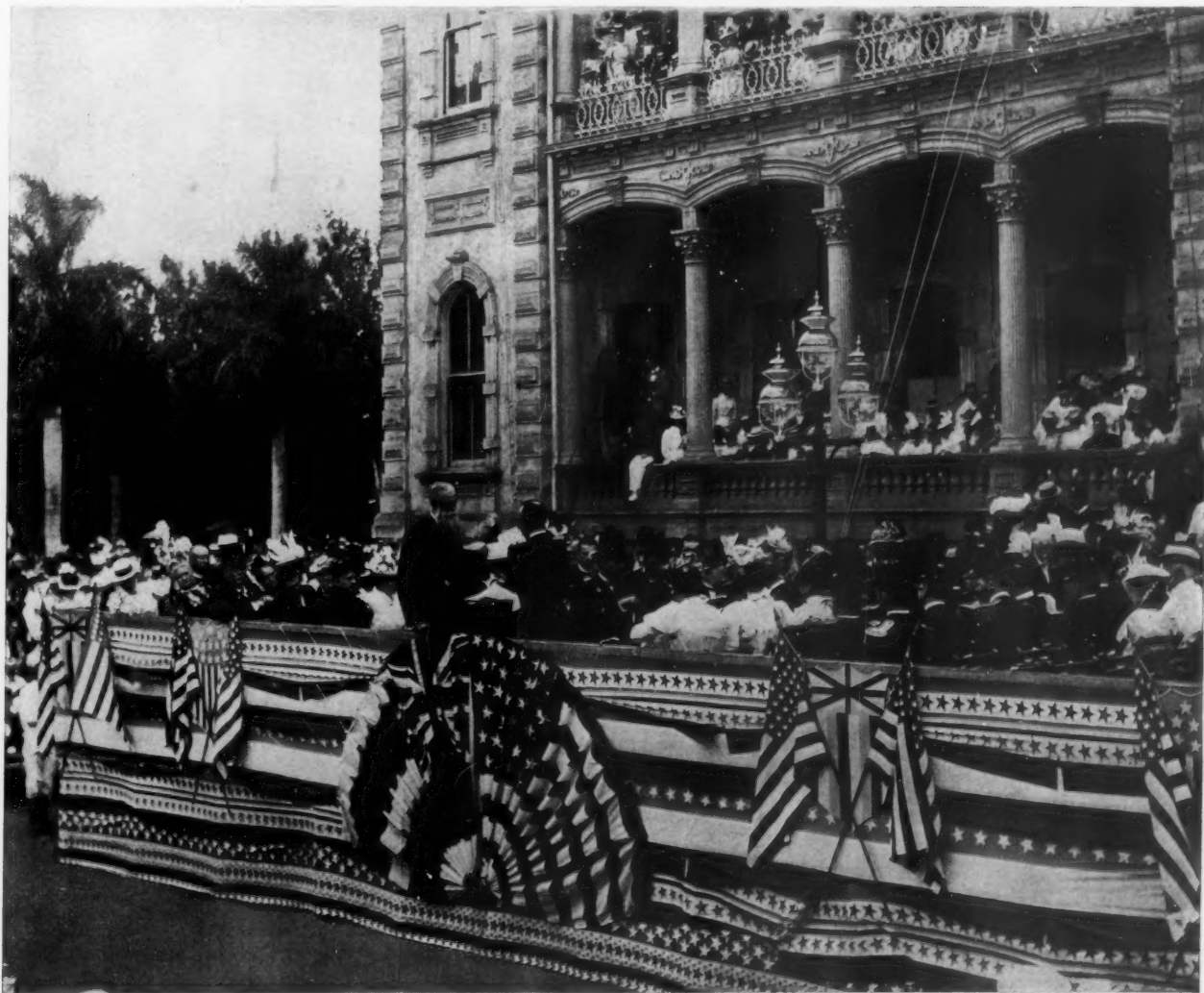
3. Aboard at the Battery, New York.

4. Aboard of the Washington Arch, at Fifth Avenue and Washington Square.



AMERICAN MEMBERS OF THE COMMISSION TO DETERMINE THE CONDITIONS OF PEACE BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN

President McKinley's appointments to the Commission which is to determine the conditions of peace between the United States and Spain are highly commendable. Senators Davis and Frye have served long in the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate; Judge Day has earned great esteem by his work in the State Department, Justice White, of the Supreme Court, is a jurist of high repute and has been a member of the Senate, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, beside being an accomplished journalist, has had four years of experience in the Diplomatic Corps of the United States. Senators Davis and Frye are believed to favor all possible increase of our territorial area; the other members of the Commission are more conservative, although Mr. Reid objects, for humanity's sake, to a continuance of Spanish rule in the Philippines.



THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII

U. S. MINISTER SEWALL PRESENTING TO PRESIDENT DOLE, AT THE PALACE, HONOLULU, AN OFFICIAL COPY OF THE ACT OF ANNEXATION, AUGUST 21. IMMEDIATELY AFTERWARD THE HAWAIIAN FLAG WAS HAULED DOWN AND REPLACED BY THE STARS AND STRIPES

(Photograph by Davey, Honolulu)

THE HORRORS OF MONTAUK

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP WIKOFF, August 29, 1898

THERE is a bitter sarcasm in the words which all the returning soldiers utter as soon as they set foot on the blessed soil of their own native land: "Back to God's country!"

They don't mean the sarcasm until after the first day. They think that they are now to escape the hideous mismanagement that has marred what has been such a glorious war, begun with the lofty purpose of freeing an oppressed people and carried on with such bravery and patient endurance of hardship as the world has never before seen.



TOO WEAK TO MARCH

When a visitor first comes here, Montauk seems a glorious place. He fills his lungs with the pure air that blows over the green earth and the blue water. When he stands on the brow of one of the hills and looks far afield on the white tents dotting the sward here and there like tidy villages, he half envies the soldiers their lot and makes up his mind that some of these days he will come out here and take a vacation that will do him more good than all the medicine that doctors can put up. But before he leaves, Montauk has become to him a name that makes him grit his teeth and clench his fists—that makes his heart rise up in his throat and his eyes get hot with the salty tears. One has to be proud of his country when he thinks how the boys fought and knew not fear; one can hardly be proud of it when he sees how needlessly they suffer.

Montauk Point is the finest place in the world for a well man to go duck-shooting, but it is no place

for men sick with malaria and typhoid fever. In a first-class city hospital, light and airy, with polished floors, clean white beds, nurses in crisp frocks, plenty of help and the very best doctors, typhoid fever is no child's play. In a ward of thirty beds there cannot be more than twelve such patients. They cannot receive proper treatment. Each man must be bathed every three hours in water at a temperature of seventy degrees, reduced carefully to sixty-five. This has to be kept up for the two weeks of the critical period. The results of the bath must be carefully noted, lest there be too much shivering afterward; the nurse must look out for collapse, for intestinal hemorrhages, for a thousand and one details that may mean death. The food must be just right; yet, after all, it may be that the screen may have to be set about the bed because

death has conquered science. It is enough to say that at Camp Wikoff they do not bathe the typhoid fever cases.

There are in New York City the finest hospitals on the continent and the largest. Six the size of the Roosevelt or the New York Hospital would not contain all that are now in the hospital at Camp Wikoff. This does not include all the poor fellows that stumble around, trying to do duty, fighting off the fever that burns in their bones, dreading to go to the hospitals for fear they will not get out except feet foremost. Two hundred of



SIGNAL SERVICE WORK

be remembered that when army surgeons pronounce a man sick enough to go to the hospital he is genuinely sick. It is sad enough to know that the soldier of the richest and most generous country on earth died on the cold earth, when only a few miles away there are great institutions that have been holding wards open for such as he for the last month, waiting in vain for the sick from Montauk that are shipped to New Haven, to Brooklyn, to the tiny post hospitals—anywhere but to New York.

Where they put the sick might do pretty well for a man who is roughing it. They are good big tents, erected on pine board floors two or three feet from the ground. There are wooden cots for the patients and the bedclothes are blankets. The patients wear their woolen shirts, and



FOURTH INFANTRY (REGULARS) MARCHING TO CAMP

those that do get in have to sleep on the bare boards because there are no cots. Two hundred sick men sleeping on bare boards! And it should

if there are pillows under their heads they are covered with some kind of blue and white hickory stuff. The tents keep out the rain,



OFFICERS' MEAL, TROOP H, THIRD CAVALRY



LETTERS FROM HOME

unless some one inadvertently touches the canvas, and then the wet dribbles through. If it comes up to blow, the cloth flaps in the wind and wakes the sleepers, and, unless care is taken, the whole thing blows away and there is your sick man in the pelting storm. Maybe this is good for fever, and dysentery, but it is not recommended in the books. Nurses are easy to get in New York. They are hard to get at Camp Wikoff. They are plentier now than they were, thanks a thousand times to the Red Cross and the Sisters of Charity, who have won more stars in their crown by coming out here. But nurses are like other people: they like to be in a city, where there is some pleasure in life, and not prisoners in a place where there is nothing but scenery and sick soldiers.

Montauk Point is as near the jumping-off place as it is possible to get in the Eastern country. There is a little wooden railroad station and an unpainted eating-house, where they sell sandwiches and pie, and milk that is sour or on the turn some of the time; there is also a water-tank and two piers. Then comes a sandy road that winds up over a hill, and then, scattered over the hills and hollows, are white tents in clumps, with sentinels to turn you back. There is a road winding about, that once in a while upsets a wagon, and there are the finest and sleekest mules in the United States driven by the most accomplished swearers in the same United States. If these teamsters were not colored

one may hear worse than that if he will but listen.

But he need not merely listen. Let him get down to camp from the Third House some morning at six o'clock. There are such hours, and they turn out the sick folk at them. Let him see the "camp ghosts" come up to "sick call." Yellow, dead-and-alive things they are, with lips that are the color of a pale fish-worm. They totter along to the doctor's tent and wait an hour or so till their names are called, not resting in some cozy armchair, but sitting on the grass wet with the heavy dews that fall on that point of land surrounded by the sea. They get their dose of quinine—if there are other drugs in the pharmacopœia of the surgeon he doesn't seem to know it—and then they totter back and wait till their fever goes down a bit, else the drug does little good. Their temperature is at the danger-point of one hundred and three and one hundred and

not a man in the whole medical service that could be tempted with any money to do a dishonorable or unprofessional thing. Men who come out to camp to see a loved boy or brother, and rave with passion when they see the poor fellow dying from lack of care, vow they'd like to string the villains up. They are not villains. They are slaves of a system. Physicians are tolerably touchy people at their best, but an army surgeon is a little the most of anybody on earth. He is superior to all around him. If he wants to stop a drill, the President of the United States cannot make the men march. Naturally he gets to confounding himself with the Creator of the universe, and when some civilian doctor says, "Can't I be of some assistance to you?" the army surgeon replies, "No, thank you, I have everything I want."

"It's a pity to see the men lacking nursing," says the civilian, "and you have too much on your hands. Let me help you." The army surgeon will presently tell him to go on about his business; and if the civilian be too much moved by humanity and says just once too often that he wants to help, it will end up with, "Corporal, take this man away from here!" There is to such a man only one way of doing a thing. If that way cannot be followed, then the thing cannot be done. Thus it is that some doctors will go without supplies because they have not the transportation; they have one horse, but they need three; to send the one horse three times does not occur to them.



COLONEL THEODORE ROOSEVELT, OF THE "ROUGH RIDERS"

cavalrymen, used to the angles of the army, they would all lose their minds, for the order of one minute is countermanded the next, and this in turn is re-countermanded; but it is "all in the day's work" with the teamsters, and they have reached the point where they don't worry. But all this palls on the civilian and especially the trained nurse, who is accustomed to having things run smoothly. Why it is hard to get such is perhaps now a little plainer. Also, the nurse has to sleep on the ground.

Of course, the sick soldier grumbles. He does that naturally. Whether he is justified in grumbling when he has to beg for hours for a glass of milk before the attendant brings it, is for the dispassionate judge to say. When his breakfast is brought to his bedside one morning at nine o'clock and the next morning at eleven, and when the staple medicine is quinine for everything, perhaps he is grumbling merely to make conversation. Perhaps these stories are untrue, and yet

four degrees. For days together some men are unable to turn out for their medicine, and their "bunkies" fetch it for them. This sort of thing, when seen, tends to make a man think that perhaps the soldier does not grumble much more than he has a right to. Of course, if the camp were far from home, in some country where it is hard to get supplies and the little dainties that tempt the appetite when a man is under the weather, the heart would not bleed so much. But with New York only four hours away, it does seem hard.

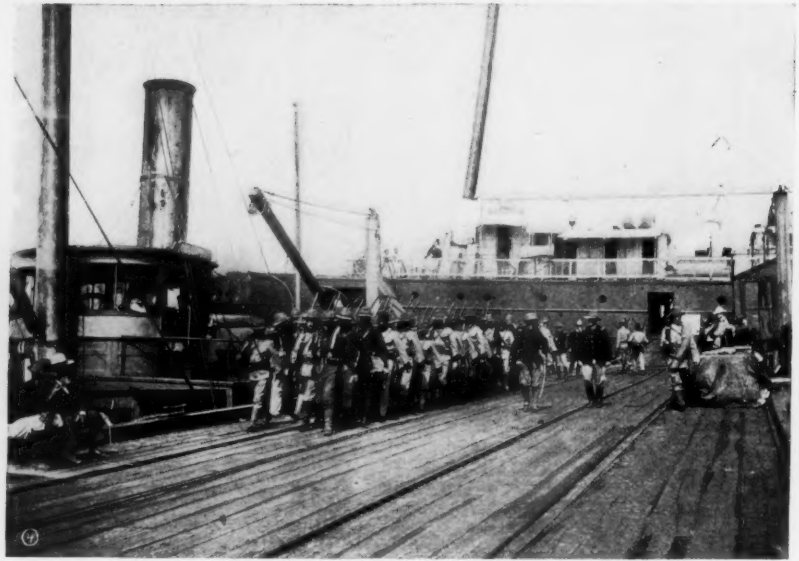
It will be found difficult to convince most people that physicians can let such things go on as are reported from here. They know the profession to be brave and generous and self-sacrificing, and they can't think that army surgeons are not. They are brave. There isn't a surgeon in the whole army that would think twice about the danger to himself of operating on the firing-line, with bullets singing all around him. There is

and they do not thank the man who suggests the plan.

Here is something that absolutely demonstrates that the sick at Camp Wikoff are starved and neglected. When they get to the city hospitals their blood has only twenty per cent of hemoglobin in it. (Hemoglobin is what makes it red.) It has been starved out of them.

The men that have come back to "God's country" are not backward in expressing themselves when they are tolerably sure that their names will not be used. One man, a regular, was suffering from sciatic rheumatism so that every movement was a keen torture. If he coughed, it was like turning a knife in a green wound. Major Brown tried to get a furlough for him, so that he might come to New York for treatment. In the application he said that the hospital here could not treat sciatica properly. It is said that Colonel Forwood refused to sign any such statement.

(Continued on page 10.)



SCENES AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT

1. A Patient for the General Hospital.
2. Signal Corps Station No. 3.
3. Carrying sick Soldier from Steamer to Ambulance.
4. Relieving old Guard at the Dock.
5. Distributing tobacco to Soldiers.



THE SECRETARY OF WAR AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT

1. General Wheeler. 2. General Alger, Secretary of War. 3. General Wheeler explaining "the lay of the Camp." 4. General Alger questioning General and Staff Officers.
5. Near General Wheeler's Headquarters. 6. Twentieth Infantry marching to Camp of Detention—Generals Alger and Wheeler saluting the Colors.



MRS. GENERAL LOGAN. GENERAL GREELY, CHIEF SIGNAL OFFICER

THE HORRORS OF MONTAUK

(Continued from page 7.)

ment. He would not admit that the hospital at Camp Wikoff was not as good as the New York hospital, in spite of the fact that anybody knows that rheumatism is not going to get better with the patient under a tent. It was fixed up some way so that the man got away, and when he left he said to his bunkie: "I'll never go back into service again. I'll make a hole in the water first. It's not that I'm afraid of being shot at, but I don't like the way Uncle Sam treats his sick."

Another man, a commissioned officer, clinched his thin and trembling hands and said under his breath: "If, after I'm mustered out, I ever get the drop on old Sternberg out in Arizona, I'll fill him full of holes as sure as there's a God in heaven."

Another said: "Don't tell me that they couldn't get medical supplies to the sick and wounded from Siboney. The trail was bad, eh? It was wide enough for two six-mule teams to pass each other except at one place for about thirty feet. There they could wait for one another. I saw hundreds of mules down there not doing a thing. It was incompetence and rascality. I was taken down with the measles there, and they gave me a dog-tent and told me to go out in the pouring rain and pitch it for myself. I did it, and for three days nobody came near me, and only for a friend that sneaked me something to eat I would have starved. Not a bite did I get or a sup from the hospital service. I saw the wounded lying on the rocks, bleeding and groaning, with nobody to help them. Oh, my God! let's talk of something else. How soon do you think we're going to be mustered out?"

This may be all idle talk, but all the stories agree remarkably well, for pure fabrications. One may think that perhaps the men were a little "peckish" about the food on the transports; but, go to one camp or another, and all tell the same story about the mildewed hardtack and the canned roast beef that was green and tainted, and at the best nothing but tallow and scraps and trimmings just about fit for a hungry hound. All tell



A COLOR-SERGEANT AND HIS PET

two thousand gallons of milk each day. Good thing he did, too; for they were so careful of what milk they had that they let some of it sour. The sick men were so crazy for it, though, that they drank it anyhow. There are some that criticize the Secretary, but Camp Wikoff has been a hundred times better off since he came and "cut the red tape in half." The puddles that were as thick in the campas pits on a pock-marked man's face, have been filled up, and the lumber for the hospital extensions has been got on the ground in a way that seemed miraculous when one remembers how slowly it used to come up the hill in spite of the loudly reiterated orders that everything must give way before the lumber. Best of all, the boys are getting long furloughs and plenty of them, so that they can go somewhere and get well. Since he came there has been more cheerfulness about the camp, and even singing. But there has been mighty little of that when you come to think that all the men here are young fellows and ought to be "singing and making melody in their hearts."

Best of all, something has been done for the regulars. The poor fellows that did the fighting—for they did it, don't doubt—had nobody around to fetch them delicacies, and even if the camp had been knee-deep in luxuries they couldn't be issued until all that old hardtack and stuff had been eaten. But that's all mended now, and the kind merchants have sent them goodies and tobacco.

And yet gloomy and despondent as the camp makes a well man feel, it has its moments when it cries: "Sursum corda—Lift up your hearts!" These men have thrilled to the greatest emotion that the human nerve can sense. They have been on the field of battle. They have heard the long-drawn, musical note of the Mause; they have shuddered at the dreadful crash of the shrapnel—and a man may shudder at that and be no coward either, for as the Ninth Cavalry say: "It flings iron kettles full o' knives an' fawks at yer"; they have felt the fierce joy of victory; they have had their hearts torn with agony at the sufferings of the wounded; they have seen their dearest friends smitten down before their eyes; they are "great with the arduous greatness of things done," and we, we poor creatures that stayed at home, are children beside them. No matter what books we write, what music we compose, what pictures we paint, what discoveries we make, what money we amass, there will be no crowds choke Broadway when we walk along it, no cheering, weeping thousands swinging their hats and waving their handkerchiefs at us. These are they whom the nation delights to honor, even if the medical department and the commissary department and the quartermaster's department are not treating them like princes of the blood royal.

In this camp there are pretty little scenes that touch the heart. Somebody comes, full of fear that John or Will or Harry is dead or a broken wreck, and stands trembling at the pier when the boys waver down from the putrid transport, and lo! here is the heart's treasure come back from all the perils by land and sea well and sound, and the old father flings his hat in the air and gets shouting happy. Everybody laughs, but it is that fluttering kind of a laugh that is half a cry; for one hears, too, the moan of the mother whose boy has died at sea, and she is robbed of even the poor comfort of taking his starved body home to rest alongside the others in the quiet country graveyard.

There is another picture that lives in the memory. On the long slope of the hill, emerald green in the afternoon sun, hundreds of yards out of all possible earshot, a gay parasol shimmers and shifts its colors in the light. Next a pair of soldier-blue legs a frock nestles as close as it can. The two need not have got so far away. Everybody knows what he is saying to her and what she is saying to him.

EUGENE WOOD.

about being so crowded that the surgeon had to creep on his hands and knees to get at the sick men aboard. The Sixth Cavalry agree that, although it was known for a month beforehand that they were to come to Camp Wikoff, they had to sleep on the ground in the pouring rain the first night they landed. All jeer at the officers riding hither and thither at full speed as if they were accomplishing something when nothing was really being done and men were suffering for cots that were stored away in the freight-house.

The medical officers "had all they needed," but Secretary Alger found it necessary to order

THE RETURNING

THEY march behind their tattered flag,
Our very hearts it charms,
But spent and slow their footsteps lag,
The weary men-at-arms.

With gallant haste they stormed the hill,
And dared the deadly fray;
They had no lack of nerve or will
In battle's fearful day.

Though bullets swept their thinning ranks,
They did not pale with dread.
To-day they smile and utter thanks
Above that roll of dead.

A subtler foe, a wiler craft,
Has mowed them since the fight;
A bitter cup their lips have quaffed.
Fever, and cold, and fright,

And famine, ghastly enemies,
Have had them for their prey.
Well may they lag behind the flag,
Our men-at-arms this day.

And home returned, the brilliant skies
Grow dark to us who see,
Through tears that blur our pitying eyes,
How cruel war can be.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HARD MILITARY FACTS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

CAMP WIKOFF, Aug. 30, 1898

THE awful aggregation of complaints regarding the physical condition and treatment of our army in Cuba, aloft and at Montauk, Chickamauga, Camp Alger, the Florida camps and elsewhere, impels every civilian reader to believe that certain individuals must be directly responsible and therefore deserving of punishment.

Possibly the regular army contains a few incompetent officers, even in staff departments; certainly there are many among the volunteer



CAPTAIN HIGGINS, OF THE SIGNAL CORPS

officers; but that the soldiers have been robbed of needed rations, clothing and medicines by officers of any branch of the service is utterly impossible; even were there dishonest desires, "red tape" would prevent their accomplishment. Let this be set to the credit of the most invisible yet most cursed necessity of the service.

But red tape is responsible for many sins, and as it has no personality it cannot be punished. It is a system, and apparently the only possible one, by which each and every officer may be held accountable for his own acts; it is also a clog, a shackle, a handcuff to every competent officer who knows how he might remedy visible evils were he anywhere but in the army. Were a member of the medical or quartermaster's department to see soldiers starving while abundant good food material was within an arm's reach, he would have no authority to obtain a portion of the stores or relieve the suffering. A commissary or quartermaster, of no matter how high rank, would not dare open a case of medical stores—not even to save a regiment from sudden death—nor could a surgeon take clothing from the quartermaster's stock to save sick soldiers from freezing to death. Such is the power of red tape. Almost all other civilized nations manage these matters better, as the result of

long experience in war, and as we also will when Congress allows us to have one proper general staff department, instead of ten that are bound to conflict in times of active service. We have, even in our small regular army, sufficient capable officers to form as competent a general staff as that of Germany or France and better than that of any other European nation.

The troubles of the army—the volunteer portion of it, for the regulars have found but little reason to complain—began with the first call for volunteers. All miseries, except yellow fever, that have been suffered in the war with Spain were common in the first year of the Civil War, as nearly a million participants in that conflict remember well; yet in almost every State the volunteers called for last spring were officered by men who knew nothing of war or of taking care of soldiers. Any regular army lieutenant who had been out of the military academy a single year was better fit to command and drill men, and keep them alive and properly fed and otherwise cared for, than the most important political pet of any State Governor; but seldom did any Governor ask for regular officers to command his regiments. Any healthy man living out of doors can live and thrive on the government ration, if this be properly cooked; but the volunteers, officers and men alike, knew nothing of cooking, nor were they quick to learn; it takes months of hard work to teach any class of men to cook well. The first and most constant care of regular officers is that their men shall be properly fed; new volunteer officers seldom think of it except on compulsion. General Wheaton says there never was a time at Santiago when there was not on the fighting-line sixty thousand rations—about three days' supply for the whole army. The regulars got their share of it; if they had not wagons to send for it, they sent mules; if there were no mules, a detail of men was sent to bring on their backs the precious hardtack, bacon and coffee. Some of the volunteer officers seemed to wait a long time for their share to be brought to them, consequently their men went hungry.

Every soldier who left Tampa or other camp for Santiago was supposed to have a blanket, rubber blanket and half a shelter tent; if he had them not his company or regimental commander was to blame. The heat of the Cuban lowlands made a volunteer's load unendurable; he had ten pounds of ammunition, and his rifle, bayonet and belts weighed about ten pounds more, and he dared not throw any of these things away; so often he lightened his burden by throwing away his blankets and tent, trusting to luck to pick up others at the journey's end, or draw new ones from the quartermaster. But he found no others, nor did the quartermaster have any to issue; so some soldiers had no shelter whatever from the rain. Regulars never throw away tents and blankets; they would as soon shoot themselves; besides, their officers would compel them to retake their abandoned property.

The volunteers, through no fault of their own, were physically unfit to take part in the Santiago campaign. They had not been long enough in service to have full chests, strong hearts and hard muscles, and Illinois men were sure to be weakened by several weeks of camp life at New Orleans, Mobile and Tampa; Southerners would have been far more suitable for a trip to Cuba

via the Gulf camps. Even the seasoned regulars were somewhat enervated by the change from Northern air to that of the Gulf.

No non-acclimated white man can sleep on the ground, or even at the ground level, in a warm country without acquiring germs of some one of the many sorts of fever that range from mere ague to the dreaded "Yellow Jack." Still less can any man, white or black, escape attacks of fever in a warm country where large quantities of soil are suddenly upturned and exposed to the sun. All dwellers in our Southern military camps, still more all men who plodded through the morass



A CAVALRY TROOP'S DARLING

like roads about Santiago and afterward spent days in the trenches, became infected with fever germs of one sort or other, and such germs make their presence known sooner or later; almost every soldier at Santiago suffered from fever, and the few who seemed to escape have had to endure the outbreak at Montauk, as many furloughed soldiers have had their first attacks at their own healthful homes in Northern States.

Diarrhoea and dysentery are camp diseases of new troops everywhere. The army surgeons have been charged with giving only quinine for these maladies—and, indeed, for all other troubles—but the truth is that no other medicine seems sufficient, for the cause of the camp diseases named above appears to be akin to that of the fevers, and they never entirely yield except to quinine.

All camp refuse is thrown upon or into the ground; it is seldom covered, so in decaying it vitiate the air to some extent. Sooner or later it is almost certain to reach the water supply. Pure water in sufficient quantity has been harder to get than money at any of our camps, and many wells have been quickly polluted by camp waste. Proper inspection might have prevented many of the sufferings and privations of the soldiers, but who was to do it? Only officers of high and general military attainments make competent inspectors. The whole force of the Inspector-general's Department when the war began consisted of seven officers; three of these were at once made brigadier-generals. They fully deserved the honor, but the vacancies created were not properly filled—apparently they could not be, at short notice, or civilians would not have been charged with duties so onerous and important.

A nation whose policy it is to depend upon volunteer soldiers for all its great wars should provide accordingly. What is good enough for regulars should be good enough for volunteers, but the friends of the soldiers insist that it is not. The sick or wounded regular man expects no delicacies in hospital; much less does he expect to have his appetite coaxed. Indeed, if his disabilities are of a febrile nature he does not wish to eat at all. When his appetite "comes back" he is satisfied with army rations. The volunteer is, for military purposes, an inferior being, no matter how much athletics and gymnastics he may have indulged in, and should be cared for accordingly, if his services are accepted.

It is not likely, however, while the memory of Santiago, Montauk and certain other home camps endures, that the government will again be able to get volunteers, no matter how much it may need them.

VETERAN.

THE SUFFERING SOLDIERS

(See front page)

BEFORE a mishap, responsibility is plenty, but afterward it scatters as nothing else can. Most of us have heard some awful tales told of the mismanagement of our army in Cuba; such of this picked body of twenty thousand men as have been so fortunate as to return bear living evidence of the trials they have undergone.

The surgeon-general implies that it "was some one else's fault"; the quartermaster-general says it wasn't his; the commissary-general is equally sure he was not at fault. But who was it?

It is pitiful to see the men who did the fighting—mere shadows of their former selves—coming from the transports at Montauk Point.

When the expedition under General Shafter arrived off Santiago, it found that we had "little or no means of landing the troops and stores for so large a body of men." Ships had been allowed to sail with crews only large enough to man two boats at most, so green soldiers had to be put to the oars. Some of them had never had an oar in hand before, and one of the first results in consequence was that a boat was upset and two privates drowned, and if it had not been that the navy men jumped in and saved the others more would have been lost. It was not until we had lost scores of animals and much valuable time that the navy was called upon to assist us.

The Commissary Department sent down a lot of what are called sale-stores; i.e., goods that are not issued, but which one can buy at the government cost. These included tobacco, matches, canned goods, lime juice and a great many other things that soldiers need or desire; but these stores did not arrive on the field where the men could purchase them until near the surrender. I have seen men pay as high as a dollar a quarter pound for tobacco. The officers began to wonder when they would get back to the ships and transports to get change of clothing. It is unfair to ask officers to lie down at night under a dog-tent on the damp Cuban ground with nothing more than a poncho or blanket, for some of the regular army officers are over sixty years old. The officers never got their effects—the tentage, mess-chests and camp equipment—until after we had reached Santiago; some of the ships returning to the States unloaded these necessities, and they never were returned, in consequence of which some regiments went without these ordinary comforts all the time they were there, thereby suffering more severely from fever than others.

After the battles of El Caney and San Juan, the circumstances were worse than ever. Some of the troops at El Caney were for twenty-four hours without food, and during that time had only a little coffee. One night I witnessed the sight of issuing rations on the march. I shall never forget the scene. Darkness was lightened, in places, by fires made of the empty boxes. The troops of Lawton's division lined up along the road, breaking boxes, and those who were fortunate enough to be near filled their haversacks as full as they would hold, so some men got a lion's share and others got nothing. My own mess fared well, for we put a whole side of bacon and a sack of coffee aboard a caisson, but no apparent effort was made to make an equal division of the rations; it was all dumped in a pile and all hands had to get it the best way they could.

The fault belonged to some commissary; nearly every staff was loaded with from one to three of these ornaments, who seemed unable to do their work properly.

The medical corps appeared similarly inefficient. We even ran out of the one staple drug—quinine—and as to anything else, it was equally hard to get. Resentment was shown at first that Clara Barton sent in anything, but it was found that we could hardly get along without her, and if it had not been for Miss Barton sending in quantities of ice and food fit for invalids to eat, our list of deaths would have been much greater than it was. In one instance a surgeon supplied a battery, in which over fifty out of eighty odd men were down with fever (for a week even without a surgeon), with medicines bought out of a regimental fund. I do not know what some of these poor fellows would have done had it not been for this Good Samaritan.

These are a few of the reasons why the men are being sent home in the condition in which they are.

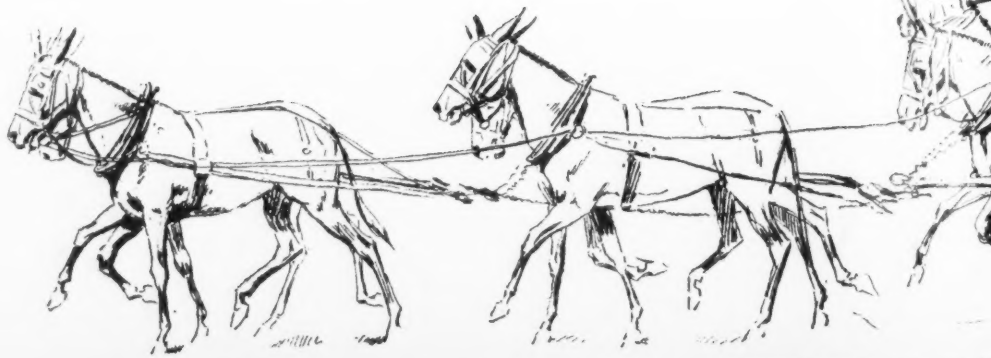
HUGH WITTER DITZLER.



GENERALS RANDALL AND WHEELER

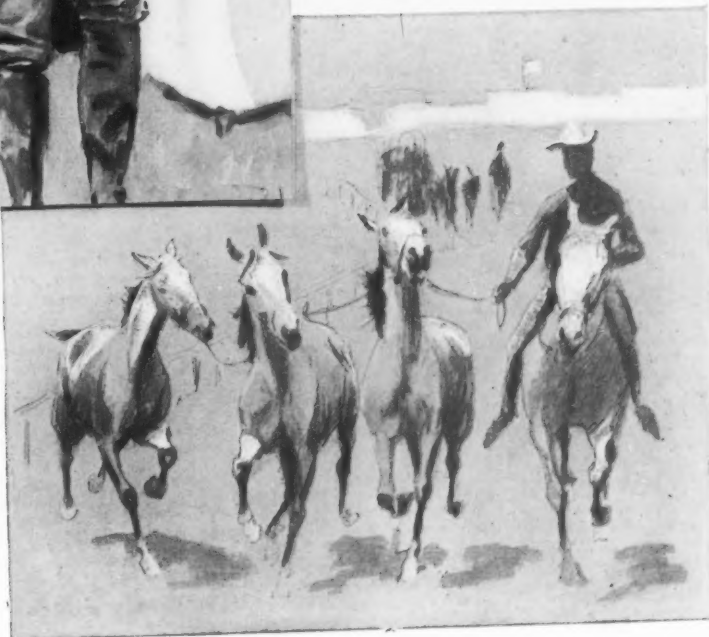
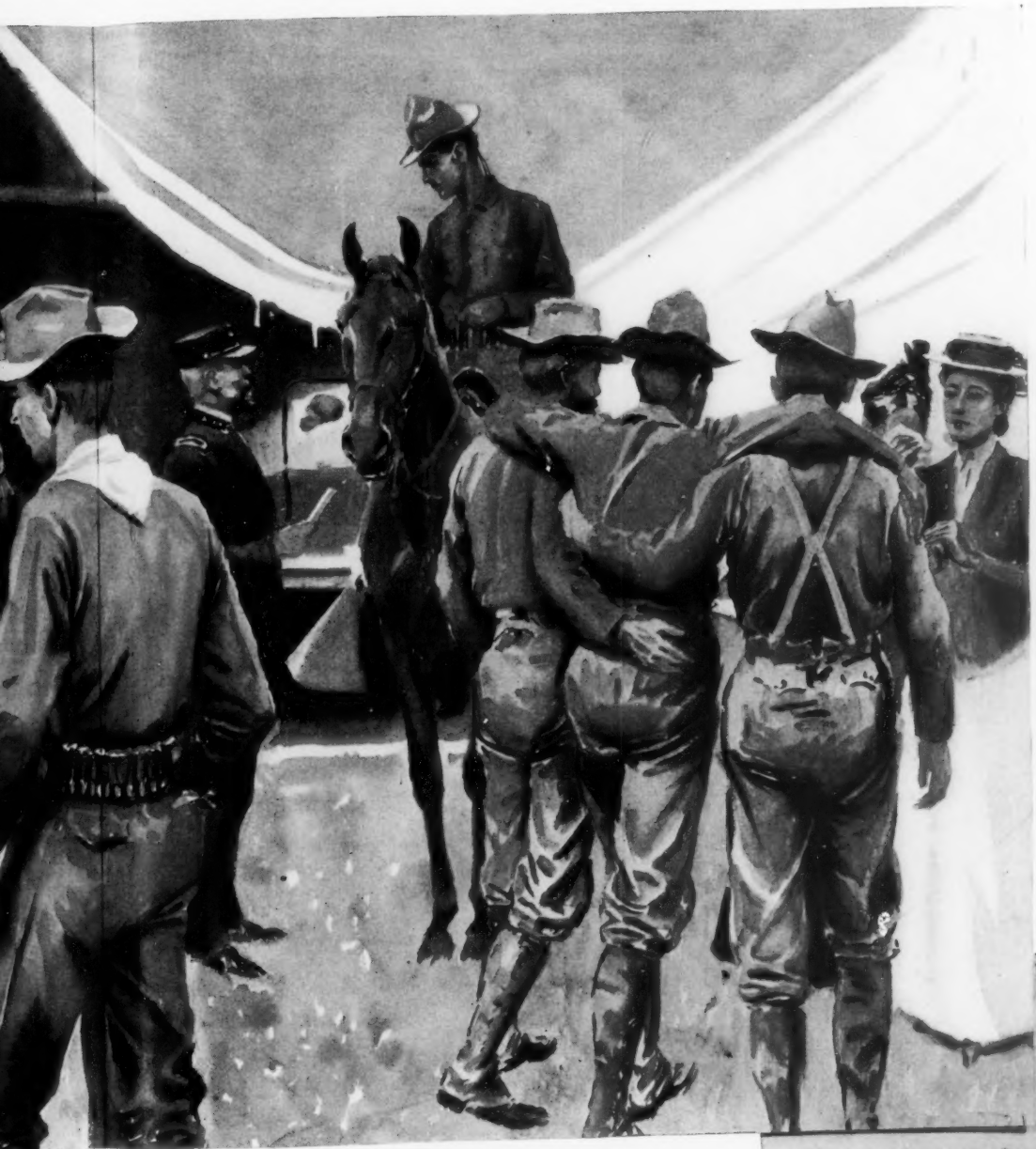


A GENUINE VETERAN—32 YEARS IN THE SERVICE



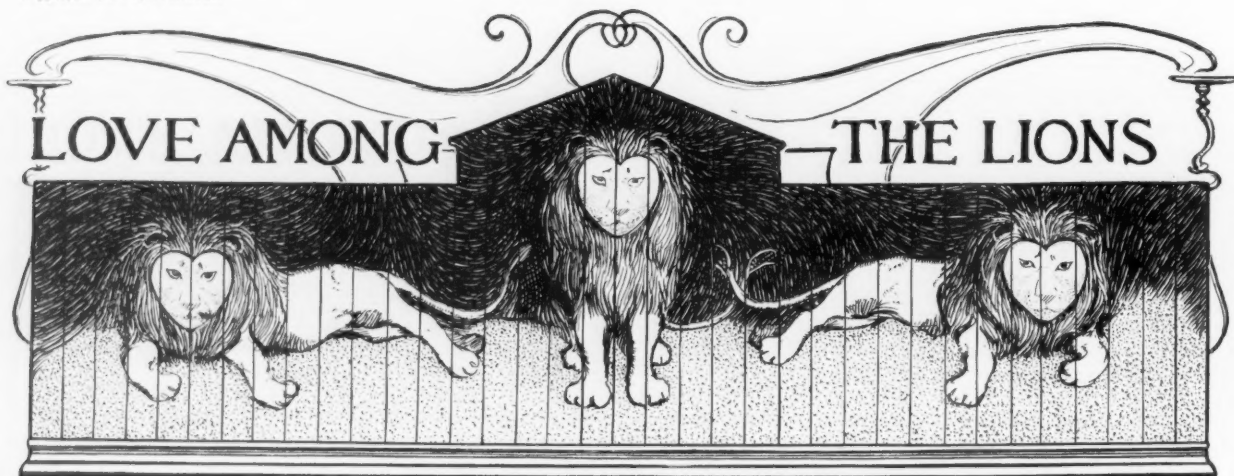
THE CENTER OF INTEREST AT CAMPAIGN

DRAWN BY MAX KL



T AT CAMP WIKOFF, MONTAUK POINT

AWN BY MAX KLEPPER



THE HISTORY OF A MATRIMONIAL EXPERIENCE

By F. ANSTEY

Author of "The Tinted Venus," etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL

PART III



HE great building had grown suddenly silent; I could almost feel the air vibrating with the suppressed excitement of the vast unseen crowd which was waiting patiently for the lions, and Lurana—and me.

Soon I heard a voice—probably a menagerie assistant's—in the passage outside, and presently a shuffling tread approach-

ing; and then I perceived, towering above the wooden partition, a huge gray bulk, ridged and fissured like a mountain side, and touched where the light fell on it with a mouldy bloom—it was the elephant on his way to be attached to the lions' cage!

I stared helplessly up at his uncouth profile, with the knobby forehead worn to a shiny black, and the sardonic little eye that met mine with a humorous intelligence, as though recommending me to haste to the wedding.

He plodded past, and I realized that I had no time to change now; my new wedding suit was a useless extravagance—I must go to the altar as I was. Niono would be back to fetch me in a moment. Lurana would never forgive me for keeping her waiting.

Hastily I wound the muffler round my neck till my chin was hidden in its folds, and put on my hat. Could I have mislaid the spectacles? No, thank Heaven, they were in the pocket of my greatcoat. I put them on, and my wedding toilet—such as it was—was complete.

Then I cast a glance at myself in the tarnished mirror nailed against the matchboarding, and staggered back in dismay. I was not merely unrecognizable, I was—what is a thousand times worse—ridiculous!

Yes, no bridegroom in the world could hope to make a creditable appearance with his nose only just showing above a worsted comforter and his eyes hidden behind a pair of smoked spectacles. It was enough to make any lion roar—the audience would receive me with howls.

I had been prepared—I was still prepared—for Lurana's dear sake, to face the deadliest peril. But to do so with a total loss of dignity; to be irresistibly comic in the supreme crisis, to wrestle with wild beasts to the accompaniment of peals of Homeric laughter—would any lover in the world be capable of heroism such as that?

True, I might remove the spectacles—but in that case I could not trust my nerve; or I might take off the muffler—but then I could not trust

the tiger. And in either case I should be courting not only my own destruction, but that of one whose life was far dearer to me than my own!

I asked myself solemnly whether I had the right to endanger her safety, simply from a selfish unwillingness to appear grotesque in her eyes and those of the audience. The answer was what every right-minded reader will have foreseen.

And, seeing that the probability was that Lurana would absolutely decline to go through the ceremony at all with the guy I now appeared (for had she not objected even to my assuming a green shade, which was, comparatively, becoming!), it was obvious that only one alternative remained—and that I took.

Cautiously opening the door of my cabin, I looked up and down the passage. At one end I

to secure the only cane-bottom chair left in the back row.

After removing my spectacles, I had a fairly good view of the ring below, with its brown tan inclosed by a white border cushioned along the top in faded crimson.

The reserved stalls were all full, and, beyond the barriers, the crowd swayed and surged in a dense black mass. Nobody was inside the ring except a couple of nondescript grooms in scarlet liveries, who hung about with an air of growing embarrassment. The orchestra opposite was reiterating "The Maiden's Prayer" with a perseverance that at length got upon the nerves of the audience, which began to stamp suggestively.

"It's a swindle!" said a husky man, who was obviously inclined to skepticism, and also sherry: "a reg'lar take in! There won't be nobody married in no lions' cage—I've said so all along."

"Oh, it's too soon to say that yet," I replied soothingly, though I had reasons for being of the same opinion; "they're a little behind time, that's all."

"I dunno what it is they're behind," he said, "but they don't mean comin' out. There, what did I tell you?"

One of the grooms, obeying instructions from without, had just gone to the indicator post, removed the number corresponding with that of the wedding on the programme, and substituted another, which was the signal for a general uproar.

A carpet was spread for a performance by a "Bender," who made his appearance in a tight suit of green spangles as the "Marvelous Boy Sergeant," and endeavored to wile away the popular discontent by writhing in and out of the rungs of a chair, and making

a glittering pin-cushion of himself. In vain, for they would have none of him, and the poor youth had to retire at last amid a storm of undeserved hissing.

Another long wait followed, and the indignation grew louder. So infectious is the temper of a mob that I actually caught myself growing impatient, and banging loudly on the floor with my umbrella—just as my neighbors were doing!

All at once, to my extreme bewilderment, the stamping and hooting changed to tumultuous applause, the band began to bray out an air that was apparently intended for "The Voice that Breathed," the barriers were thrown open, and the great elephant lumbered into the arena drawing the cage.

The brute had an enormous wedding favor attached to each of his tusks, and all the animals in the cage, down to the very tiger, were wearing garlands of artificial orange-blossom, a touch of sentiment which seemed to go straight to the heart of the people.

But, even while I looked down into the cage with much the same reflection as that of John



"MY BEST CHANCE OF ESCAPING DETECTION WAS TO MINGLE WITH THE CROWD"

could just see the elephant surrounded by a crowd of grooms and helpers, who were presumably harnessing him to the cage and were too far away or too much engaged to notice me. At the other were a few deserted stalls and rifle-galleries, whose proprietors had all gone to swell the crowd of spectators who were waiting to see as much as they could of my wedding—and it began to seem likely that they would see very little indeed.

I was about to make for the nearest exit when I remembered that it would probably be guarded; so, assuming, as far as possible, the air of an ordinary visitor, I slipped quietly up a broad flight of stairs, on each of which was a recommendation to try somebody's "Pink Pills for Pale People," and gained the upper gallery without attracting attention.

I felt instinctively that my best chance of escaping detection was to mingle with the crowd, and besides, I was naturally curious to know how the affair would end; so, seeing a door and pigeon-hole with the placard "Balcony seats sixpence," I went in, and was lucky enough

Bradford of old that there, but for special grace, I might be figuring myself. I was astounded by the audacity of the management.

Could they really imagine that an intelligent and enlightened audience like this would be pacified by anything less than the spectacle they had paid to witness—a marriage solemnized in a den of lions? And how did they propose to perform a ceremony at which, as they must be fully aware by this time, the bridegroom would be conspicuous by his absence? No, it might be magnificent, but it was not business.

I was still speculating, when a kind of small procession entered the arena. First came Mr. Sawkins with the Reverend Ninian, looking rather like a cheap Cranmer; next was a smart-looking person in a well-cut frockcoat and lavender trousers, that I seemed to have seen before. It was my wedding suit; the wearer had gummed on a mustache and short side-whiskers which gave him a spurious resemblance to myself, but if nobody else knew him, I did—it was Onion, the Lion King!

And the next moment I received a still greater shock, as Professor Polkinghorne followed with the lofty bearing of a Virginius, and on his arm was a slender shrinking figure, which, in spite of the veil she wore, I knew too well could be no other than Lurana.

"There's the bridegroom, d'ye see?" explained my hoarse neighbor. "He's a deal better-lookin' than the pictures they've drawn of him in the papers. But he's as pale as plaster; he'll back out of it at the last moment—you just see if he don't!"

But I knew Niono better. I remembered his open admiration of Lurana, his envy at my good fortune, I felt convinced that his pallor was merely due to the absence of rouge and the fear that he would not succeed in his daring imposture. For I saw now that he had been planning to supplant me from the first, hence his attempts to shake my nerve, and, when they failed, his treacherous loan of a blunt razor. He was staking everything now on the chance that the bride's natural agitation and the thickness of her veil would prevent her from suspecting that he was a fraudulent bridegroom until the ceremony was over, while the audience, not expecting to see a Lion King in a tall hat, would be equally deceived.

"Poor young things!" said a stout female in front with a nodding feather in her bonnet: "it's to be 'oped there won't be any unpleasantness. I'm sure. I'm 'alf sorry I came!"

There was time even yet: I had but to rise, denounce the usurper, and take my rightful place at Lurana's side. I felt strongly impelled to do so; I actually stood up and tried to speak. But I realized that it was hopeless to attempt to make my feeble voice heard above the thunders of applause, even if excitement and emotion had not rendered me speechless. Besides, what satisfactory explanation of my present position could I offer? I sat down again with a sense of spell-bound helplessness.

I looked on as the great arc-lamps were lowered, hissing and buzzing, to the level of the

without nobody with them!" cried the stout lady. "It's downright temptin' of Providence, that it is!"

"Don't you be afraid," said the cynical man, "they ain't goin' in. Just look at that now!"

As he spoke two persons in plain clothes, who had apparently been waiting for this moment, stepped over the barrier from the shilling stalls into the ring, and from their gestures seemed to be insisting that the wedding should not take place inside the cage at all events.

There was an animated dispute in the ring: Niono blustered, Lurana pleaded, Sawkins expostulated, and the Professor and Archibald Chuck (who had contrived to push himself into the party) argued, while Miss Rakestraw filled page after page of her reporter's notebook, and the Reverend Ninian sat upon his tub with meekly folded hands, looking more than ever like a martyr who knew himself to be incombustible.

The audience booed and hissed and yelled with natural rage and disappointment; the lions remained unmoved, blinking behind their bars with crossed forepaws and an air of serene indifference.

"I told yer there wasn't going to be no blooming wedding!" said my husky friend; "it's a reg'lar put-up job, that's what it is!"

It was possible; but whether the interrupters of the proceedings were hired supers or genuine officials, it was equally clear that there would be no wedding inside the cage.

How bitterly I regretted that by yielding to an irresistible impulse I had forfeited the right to stand by Lurana's side at this supreme moment! I could have done so with absolute impunity; I should have won a life-long reputation for courage; Lurana herself would have owned that I had done all that was possible to gratify her whim, and would have consented to marry me in the orthodox fashion.

Whereas, here I was, separated from her by impassable barriers, in the ignominious seclusion of a back-seat! However, this official prohibition had at least solved one of my difficulties—it had rendered it unnecessary for me to interfere personally.

The storm of indignation rose to a hurricane when the entire wedding party filed out of the arena with the officials, doubtless to discuss the matter in greater privacy.

The stout lady with the feather was particularly annoyed. "Why shouldn't the two young parties be allowed to please themselves?" she wanted to know. "It was their wedding, not the Government's. But it was always the way whenever she came out for a little amusement. Somethink was bound to go wrong!"

Another long interval, during which the wildest disorder reigned unchecked; the crowd, with the irrationality of an angry mob, actually throwing pieces of orange peel at the unoffending lions, as the only creatures within the range of their

displeasure. The hubbub was at its height when Sawkins reappeared and held up his hand for some time in vain before he could obtain a hearing. Then he addressed the audience as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "certain individuals claiming to represent the Home Office



"IT WAS THE ELEPHANT, ON HIS WAY TO BE ATTACHED TO THE LIONS' CAGE"



"A SLENDER, SHRINKING FIGURE WHICH, IN SPITE OF THE VEIL SHE WORE, I KNEW COULD BE NO OTHER THAN LURANA"

cage, and the Reverend Mr. Skipworth prepared to ascend the inverted white tub that was to serve him as a reading desk, and the unscrupulous Onion took the bride by the hand and conducted her to the steps which led to the door of the lions' cage.

"They're never goin' in among all them lions

and the London County Council—" (here there were groans, and my neighbor remarked disgustedly that "that was what came of returning those Progressives") "have protested against a wedding in this cage as involving danger to the principal parties concerned." (Loud cries of "Shame!" and general uproar.) "I have, however, the pleasure to announce that we have succeeded in convincing these gentlemen that the proposed ceremony is no more open to objection than the ordinary performance, and that they have no legal power to prohibit it. Consequently the marriage will now be celebrated in the cage of forest-bred African lions as advertised."

The revulsion of feeling after this most unexpected announcement was instant and tremendous; all hearts seemed touched with generous compunction for their uncharitable suspicions, and the Hall rang with tumultuous cheers.

For myself, I could not share the general exhilaration. This preposterous wedding was permitted after all, and, unless Lurana's heart failed her at the critical instant, she would inevitably be lost to me forever! I might still interpose; indeed, I should have done so at all costs but for a timely remembrance that no action I took now would regain her.

She might have been in ignorance before, but in the course of this delay she must have learned that I had failed her, she must have accepted the lion-tamer as a substitute, and, even if I were to present myself, she would only inform me that my place was already filled. I had too much spirit to risk a public snub of that kind, so I stayed where I was. It cannot have fallen to many men's lot to look on as passive spectators at their own wedding, but what choice had I?

There was a deathlike silence as Niono slipped the bolt and gallantly handed the bride into the cage. She stepped in as collectedly as if it had been an ordinary Registry Office, and the great tawny beasts retreated sullenly to the other end, where they stood huddled in a row, while the Reverend Ninian, mounting his tub, read an abbreviated form of service in a voice which was quite inaudible in the balcony.

I tried to turn my eyes away from the scene that was taking place in that grim cage, and the two figures that were so calmly confronting those formidable brutes, but I felt compelled to look. And it was mortifying to see how trifling, after all, was the danger they incurred. I am afraid I almost wished that one of the animals would give some trouble—I don't mean, of course, by an actual attack—but by just enough display of ferocity to make Lurana understand what they might do.

But they never even attempted to cross the pole which had been thrust across the cage as a barrier; I was never told there *would* be a pole! They looked on, mystified—as well they might be—by proceedings to which they were totally unaccustomed, but still impressed, and sleepily solemn. Even the tiger behaved with irreproachable decorum.

I understood then what Onion had been careful not to mention; their food had been doctored in some way. If I had only known! Anybody could beard a hocused lion!

And soon the words which made that couple man and wife were pronounced—or, rather, mumbled, for the Reverend Ninian would have been none the worse for a course of lessons from old Polkinghorne—and the newly wedded pair came out of the cage without so much as a scratch, to the triumphant blare of the Wedding March. There was frantic applause as the Professor embraced the bride with an emotion that struck me as overdone, while the Reverend Ninian, Miss Rakestraw and Chuck offered their congratulations, and Mr. Sawkins presented the happy couple with a silver biscuit-box (it may have been electro-plated) and a Tantalus spirit-case.

But for that unfortunate slip of the razor, those gifts would have been mine; but I was in no mood to think of that just then, when I had lost what was so infinitely more precious.

I looked on dully till the party left the arena, declining with excellent taste to return in answer to repeated calls and bow their acknowledgments, and then, as the electric lights were hoisted up again and the elephant was led in to remove the lions' cage, I thought it was time to go.

It was all over; there was nothing to stay for now, and most of the people were leaving; so I joined the crowd which streamed down the staircase and along the broad passage to the main exit. Once in the open air, I hurried blindly past the flaring shops in the High Street, neither knowing nor caring where I was going, with only one thought possessing my numbed brain—how different it might all have been if only things had happened otherwise!

Wherever I looked I saw Lurana's lovely scornful face and flashing eyes painted with torturing vividness on the murky air. How flat and stale all existence would be for me henceforth! Life with Lurana might not have been all sunshine; it might have had its storms, even its tempests—but at least it would have been dull.

I cursed the treachery which had induced her to link herself for life with a lion-tamer. Happy, I knew she could not be, for of one thing I was confident—she loved me; not perhaps with the passionate single-hearted devotion I felt for her, but still with a love she would never feel for any other. Perhaps she was already beginning to repent her desertion of me, and wishing she could undo that rash irrevocable act.

I was pounding up Highgate Hill, with no object beyond escaping by active motion the demons of recollection and desire that haunted me, when suddenly, as I gained the top of the hill, a thought struck me. Was the act irrevocable, after all? Was it so absolutely certain that this Onion had the legal right to claim her as his wife?

He had certainly personated me. Had he borrowed, not only my frockcoat and trousers, but also my name, for the ceremony? If he had, and if Lurana was, as she could hardly help being, aware of the fact, it did not require much acquaintance with the law to know that there was a chance, at all events, of getting the court to declare the marriage null and void.

But he might have been married in his own name; I could not tell, owing to the indistinctness of Mr. Skipworth's utterance; only Lurana or those in the immediate neighborhood could say. I must know that first; I must examine the register, if there was one, and then if—if Lurana wished to be saved, I might be able to save her.

I knew that a sort of wedding high tea had been prepared at Canonbury Square, where the whole party would be assembled by this time, and I hurried back to Canonbury Square as fast as the tramcar would take me. My blood was roused. She should not be Niono's if I could prevent it! I would snatch her from him, even if I had to do so across the wedding-cake!

But when I reached the well-known door and raised the familiar knocker—a fist clutching a cast-iron wreath—in my trembling fingers, there were no sounds of festivity within; the house was dark and deserted.

I waited in the bitter January air. The street-lamp opposite—the identical one under which Lurana had first agreed to marry me—flickered at every gust of the night wind, as though troubled on my account. They must have transferred the feast to the Circus, or to some adjacent restaurant; evidently there was no one there.

I was just turning hopelessly away, when I heard the bolt being withdrawn, and the door was opened by a maid.

"Where is your mistress?" I asked breathlessly. I could not bring myself to ask for Lurana as "Mrs. Onion."

"In the drawing-room upstairs," was the unexpected reply, "with the isticicks."

So long as she was not with Niono, I cared little. I bounded up, and found her alone.



"NOT PRESENT AT YOUR OWN WEDDING? BUT I SAW YOU!"

As I entered she raised her flushed, tear-stained face from the shabby sofa on which she had thrown herself. "Go away!" she cried. "Why do you come near me now? You have no right—do you hear?—no right!"

"I know," I said humbly enough; "I deserve this, no doubt. And yet, if you knew all you would find excuses for me, Lurana!"

"None, Theodore," she said. "If you had really loved me you would never have deserted me!"

"I could not help myself," I retorted; "and really, Lurana, if it comes to desertion—"

"Ah, what is the use of wrangling about whose fault it was?" she moaned; "now, when we have both wrecked our lives! At least, I know I've wrecked *mine*! Why was I so insane as to set my heart on our being married in a den of disgusting lions? If you had only been firmer, Theodore, instead of giving way to you did!"

"At least it was not cowardice," I said. "When I show you the state of my chin—"

"Theodore!" she cried, with a little scream, "you are hurt! Tell me—was it the tiger?"

"It was not the tiger," I said; "never mind that now. I was betrayed by that infernal Onion, Lurana. I never knew till it was too late—you do believe me, don't you?"

"I do. We were both deceived, Theodore. I should never have acted as I did if that horrid Frenchwoman hadn't told me—oh, *what* would I not give if all this had never been?"

"If you are truly sincere," I began, "in wishing this unlucky marriage canceled—"

"If I am! Are you, Theodore? Oh, if only there is a way!"

"There may be, Lurana. It all depends on whether my name was used at the ceremony or not. Try to recollect, and tell me."

"But I can't, Theodore! You were there—you must know!"

"Mr. Skipworth wouldn't speak up. And I was much further away than you were."

"Than I was, Theodore! But—but I wasn't there at all!"

"Not present at your own wedding?" I cried. "But I *saw* you!"

"It was not me!" she said, "it was Mlle. Leonie. Is it possible you didn't know?"

My heart leaped. "For Heaven's sake, explain, Lurana! Let us have no more concealments!"

"When I arrived," she said, "Mademoiselle explained about the tiger, and how sorry she was it was too late to remove it, since she understood I had an antipathy to tigers. And I said, 'Not at all, I adore tigers.' So she took me to see the cage, and I—I only tried to tickle the tiger; but he was so dreadfully cross about it I nearly fainted, and she said it was simply madness for me to go in, and that you were every bit as frightened as I was."

"She had no right to say that!" I said; "it's absolutely untrue."

"I know, Theodore," she replied; "you have proved that you, at least, are no coward—but I believed her then. And I wrote you a line to say that I had altered my mind, and did not think it right to expose you or myself to such danger, and that I would wait for you by the Myddleton Statue. She promised to give you the letter at once."

"I never got it," I said.

"No, she took care you should not. And I waited for you—how long I don't know—*hours* it seemed—but you never came! Then I saw the people beginning to come out, and I went across and asked some one whether there had been any marriage or not, and he said, 'Yes, it had gone off without any accident; the bridegroom looked pale but was plucky enough, and so was the bride, though he couldn't tell how she looked,

because of her veil.' And then, of course, I knew that that deceitful cat had taken my place and managed to make you marry her! At first I wanted to go back and stab her with my hat-pin—but I hadn't one sharp enough, so I came home instead. And, oh, Theodore, I *do* feel so ashamed! After boasting so much of my Spanish blood, and taunting you with being afraid as I did, to think that you should have shown the truer courage, after all!"

I could not triumph over her then; I was too happy. "Courage, my darling, is a merely relative quality," I said. "Heaven forbid that we should be held accountable for the state of our nerves—even the best of us!"

"But this marriage, Theodore," she said, "what can you do to have it set aside?"

"Do? Nothing!" I replied. "After what you have told me, I no longer care to try."

"You despise me, then? Because I broke down at the critical moment?"

"Not at all. I can never be grateful enough to you."

"Grateful! Then—do you mean to say you prefer that coarse, middle-aged, lion-taming person to me, Theodore?"

"Lurana," I said, "prepare yourself for a great surprise—a *pleasant* surprise. If anybody is now that lady's lawful husband it is Niono, not I—and a very suitable match, too!" I added. (I saw now why the authorities had been compelled to waive their objections to it.) "The fact is, I never went into the cage at all."

"You didn't go into the cage, Theodore! But how—why?"

"Do you imagine," I asked, "can you really suppose I should be capable of entering that cage with anybody but yourself, Lurana? How little you know me! Of course I declined."

"But you didn't know I had run away *then*, Theodore! Why, you thought only a few minutes ago that I was the person Mr. Niono married! Perhaps you will kindly explain?"

For the moment I was in a fix, but I saw that the moment had arrived for perfect candor, and, accordingly, I told her the facts pretty much as they have been set down here.

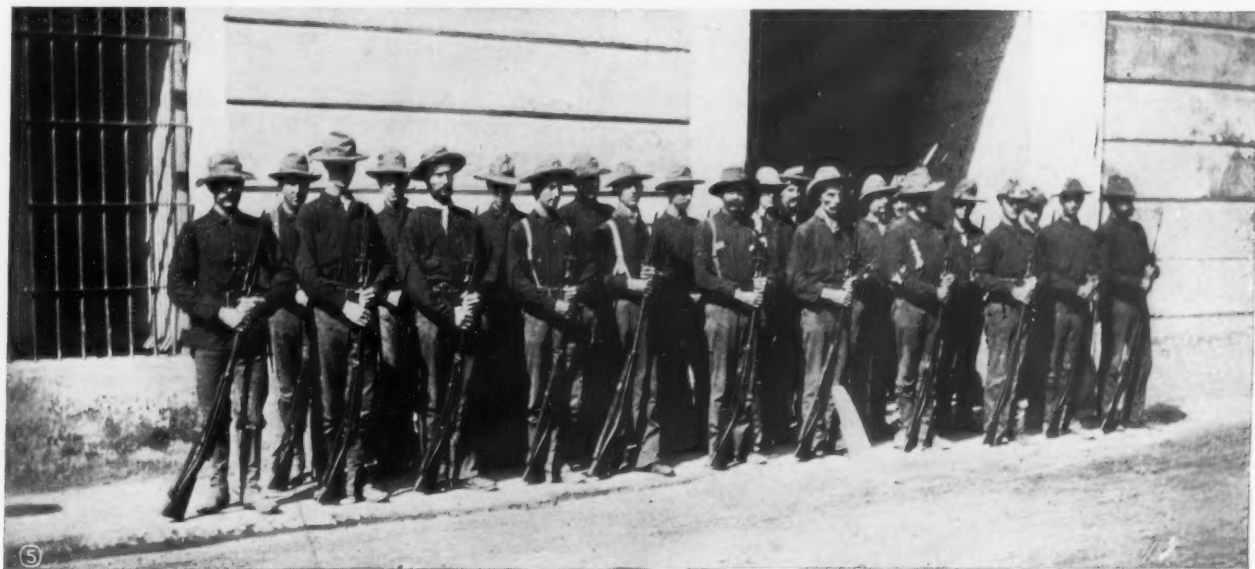
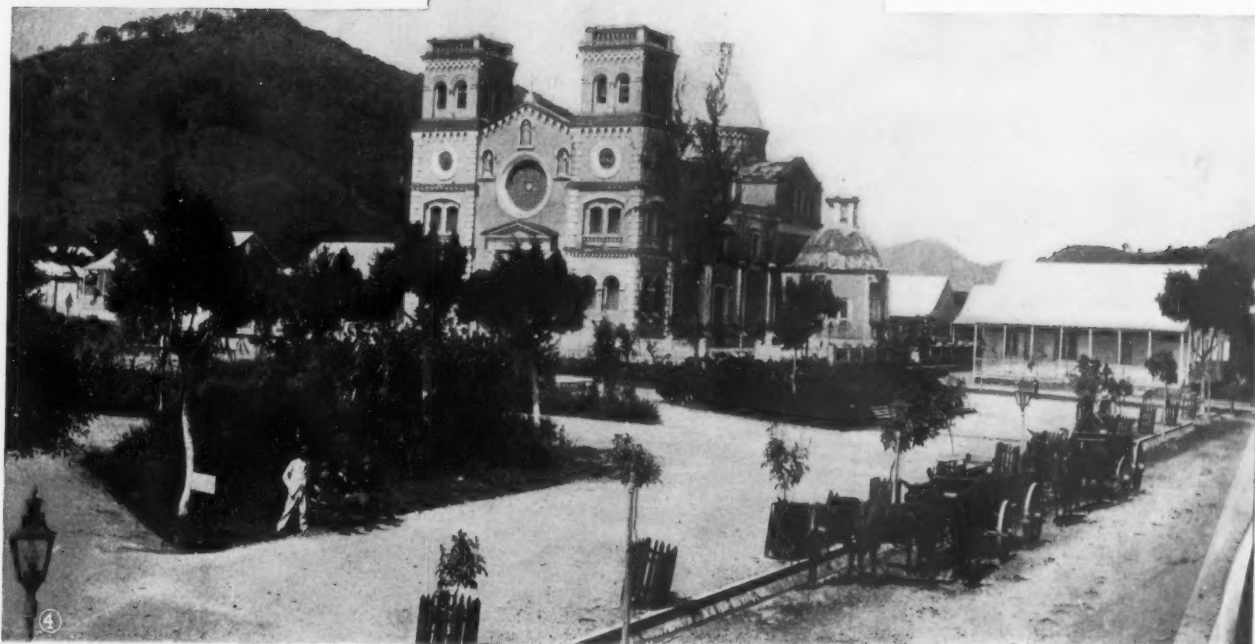
She could hardly blame me for having behaved precisely as she herself had done, or refuse to admit that by taking any other course I should have imperiled our joint happiness; and yet I thought I could see that, with feminine unreason, she was just a *little* disappointed with me.

The true explanation of that marriage, if it was a marriage, in the den of lions, I have never been able to discover, nor, for that matter, have I been particularly curious to inquire. Whether Onion attempted to get rid of me in order to secure Lurana, whether Mlle. Leonie played upon Lurana's fears with the hope of becoming my bride, or his, or whether the Lion King and his fellow-artist gallantly sacrificed themselves to get the management out of a difficulty, I don't know, and, as I say, I haven't cared to ask.

Now that it is written, I have no more to add, except to append a cutting from an announcement which appeared not long ago in the principal papers. The arrangements for its publication were intrusted to Archibald Chuck, who I think must have added the last two words on his own responsibility:

"BLENKINSOP—DE CASTRO.—On the 15th inst., at the Parish Church of St. Mary, Islington, by the Rev. Merton Sandford, D.D., Vicar. THEODORE PIDGELY BLENKINSOP, of Highbury, to LURANA CARMEN DE CASTRO, only daughter of the late Manuel Guzman de Castro, formerly Deputy Sub. Assistant Inspector of Spanish Liquorice to the Government Manufactory at Madrid. No lions."

THE END



AT GUAYAMA, PUERTO RICO

(Photographed by PIERRE PULLIS—See next page)

1. Col. Edward Hunter, Civil Governor of Guayama and Arroyo.
2. Col. W. A. Glassford, who, under Flag of Truce, informed the Spanish Officers that the Protocol had been signed.
3. Lieut. J. B. McLaughlin, of the Signal Corps, who carried from General Miles to General Brooke the Order to suspend Hostilities.
4. The Plaza and Cathedral at Guayama. From this Square General Brooke's force advanced in Skirmish-line Formation and drove the Enemy to the Hills behind the Town.
5. Artillerymen serving as Infantry.

PUERTO RICO DAYS

(Special Correspondence of COLLIER'S WEEKLY)

GUAYAMA, August 23, 1898

PUERTO RICO is found to be a charming island—when one has reached it—but some would-be tourists have been sadly delayed in getting about, and I was one of them. The "Manitoba" went ashore last Wednesday, about two miles off shore, while making for Puerto de Ponce; as my horse was on her, and the water was too rough to remove stores or animals by lighters, I was obliged to lose much time, although I was in haste to reach General Brooke's headquarters.

We reached the light off Ponce and began at once to proceed, very cautiously, according to the charts which our government had supplied for the information of navigating officers. Nevertheless, we ran aground. Later we heard that our captain could be held severely to account for grounding, although he followed a course on which the chart indicated seven fathoms of water. The transport "Massachusetts" had previously gone ashore on almost the same spot, and the cruiser "Columbia" had a similar experience near by—probably because each had been supplied with charts of the same issue as the one that brought us to grief. Navigator Storey, of the cruiser "Prairie," has surveyed this harbor and found the latest charts—which are dated 1887—greatly at fault, but how are captains of transports to know this unless they are told?

Playa, the real port of Ponce, contains about five thousand inhabitants, most of whose faces indicate African blood or other coloring matter. The exceptions, as a rule, are Spaniards, nearly all of whom are merchants and consequently well-to-do. No one is complaining at present, however, of poor business and slow returns, for the American army has already put more money in circulation than Playa had seen before in years. The most important building in town is the Custom House, in which are at present—besides the customs officials—the post-office, General Miles's headquarters, and the quarters of Battery B, Fifth Artillery.

Ponce proper is quite a picturesque little city—or big one, as Puerto Rican cities go. It would look still better had not the owners of the hand-somer residences and estates (being Spaniards) become frightened and disappeared when our troops approached.

Should the American army and correspondents fall sick here, I shall be inclined to blame the



NICHOLAS II., CZAR OF RUSSIA, AND AUTHOR OF THE NEWEST PLEA FOR UNIVERSAL DISARMAMENT

native cigars more than malaria. Not that the cigars are bad; on the contrary, they are so good and also so cheap that some of our men keep them alight continually. Fruit, too, is delicious and cheap; all the cattle are remarkably fine, while the horses are far smaller than American ponies. American horses here bring from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars, but don't let any one rush in a large cargo, for the market is painfully limited.

Having "done" Ponce, I ran over to Guayama where General Brooke's headquarters were. Guayama is reached via Arroyo, called its port, although Arroyo has no harbor, being a mere roadstead. The town is very small, old and

picturesque; the buildings as ancient of appearance as if further construction had been prohibited at least a century ago. There are many tall palms, and the settlement comes down almost to the water's edge, while hills high enough to be called mountains make a noble background.

We arrived on Sunday morning, and found all the markets and shops open and full of natives, some of whom have the American back-country custom of purchasing with "truck" instead of money; but instead of butter and eggs they brought coconuts and fruits. Some of the natives would have been too vain to live could they have known what pictures their tiny horses and mules made, covered with paniers and baskets and topped with their gaudily dressed owners. This is the land of large straw hats, gaudy blankets and ditto parasols and umbrellas, and all were in evidence at once on market-day.

My journey from Arroyo to Guayama was made in a mule-wagon and over as fine a macadamized road as can be found in the United States. Its windings were many and seemed to have been designed by a landscape architect, for all commanded fine views. The road ascended steadily, for Guayama is nearly half a mile above sea level.

On reaching the city I shared with the troops a great disappointment, for word of the signing of the protocol had been received by General Brooke from General Miles just as a battle of some consequence was to begin a few miles from Guayama. No one longed to kill or to be killed, but to have prepared long and carefully for a fight and then have the affair "called off" is to have human nature put to a great strain. Our officers spoke respectfully of such of the enemy's works as they had seen and of the tactical nature of the Spanish retreat from Arroyo.

Most interesting, socially and architecturally, in Guayama is the church; some of our soldiers thought they had heard chimes at home, but they changed their minds after hearing those of Guayama. The fire department attracts the soldiers' attention, for it consists principally of large colored men and small German hand-machines, with one hose-cart. The firemen are overwhelmingly polite and respectful; they even supplied escorts for funerals of some of our soldiers. Still, all Puerto Ricans, and within a day or two all Spanish soldiers, seem willing to do all in their power for Americans.

PIERRE PULLIS.



SCENES AT PLAYA, ISLAND OF PUERTO RICO
(Photographed by PIERRE PULLIS and GEORGE PARSONS)

1. Battery C, Pennsylvania Artillery, passing through Playa.

2. A Residence Street.

3. Officers of Battery A, Pennsylvania Light Artillery.

4. Custom House Building, containing General Miles's Headquarters, the Post Office, etc.

PEACE INDIGNANT

I WEARY of all this moving to and fro,
This welcome and exile, thralldom and release.
To-day I am throned a queen; to-morrow, lo,
My dignities lie welshed in overthrow—
From sovereignty my crown and scepter cease!

Shame, bitter shame, ye people of ampler mind,
My shivering spirit now to wrench and rack,
As once, in thought's dim twilight, centuries
back,
While plaintless to barbarism resigned,
I bore your ribaldries demoniac.

Hope dawned for me when Egypt, India, Greece
Flowered out from brutish darkness, and when
Rome
At her wise counsels gave me help and home—
Nay, built me as Divinity of Peace,
Temples with pillared porch and stainless
dome.

Yet ah, she worshiped me in name—no more!
Her snoking tripods were the flare of fools,
Her homage was the speech an idiot drules;
She blotched my robes with desecrating gore,
With battle invaded my pure vestibules.

At last in its immensity Rome fell,
Scoured of the Christ whose lash was love
alone . . .

I reared my head, bound firmer my gold zone,
And murmuring to my glad heart "All is well,"
Dreamed that war's foul vans were forever
flown.

Mockery of promise! I have proved, since then,
With pain whose ache dealt many a throb and
pang,
Those perfidies whence my delusion sprang;
I have learned how "peace on earth, good will to
men,"
With but the hypocrisy of braggarts rang.

What wonder that from these tumultuous veins
Meekness and tolerance alike ye scare,
O giddy and greedy nations that still dare
To insult your Prince of Peace, through all his
fanes,
With sarcasms and with blasphemies of prayer?

Nay, mother and wife and daughter, how shall
fall
Your agony while hideous hates intrigue
To fire it, and so fiercely against it league? . . .
For me, my pity and wrath and scorn prevail,
Even though I falter with a god's fatigue!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

WESTGATE-ON-SEA, ENGLAND, AUGUST, 1898.

MRS. DINGLEY

WE cannot do her honor by her Christian name. If, like everything else, it has been found out, who knows? All we have to call her by more tenderly is the mere "D"—the D that binds her inseparably to Stella, with whom she made the two in one whom Swift loved "better a thousand times than life, as hope saved." So the Little Language says. M D without full stops, Swift writes it eight times in a line for the pleasure of it. "M D sometimes means Stella alone," says one of the many editors. "The letters were written nominally to Stella and Mrs. Dingley," says another, "but it does not require to be said that it was really for Stella's sake alone that they were penned." Not so. "M D" never stands for Stella alone. And the editor is not yet born who shall persuade us, against the word of Swift, that he loved Stella only, with an ordinary love, and not, by a most delicate exception, Stella and Dingley, so joined that they make the "she" and "her" of every letter. And this shall be a column of reparation to Mrs. Dingley.

No one else in literary history has been so defrauded of her crown of honor. In love "to divide is not to take away," as Shelley says; and Dingley's half of the tender things said to M D is equal to any whole, and takes nothing from the whole of Stella's half. But the sentimentalist has fought against Mrs. Dingley from the outset. He has disliked her, shirked her, disbelieved in her, and effaced her. Through one of his most modern representatives he has only lately called her a "chaperon." A chaperon!

M D was not a sentimentalist. M was not that, though she has been so pressed into that character; D certainly was not, and has in this respect been spared by the chronicler; and M D altogether was "saucy charming M D," "saucy little, pretty, dear regues," "little monkeys mine," "little mischievous girls," "nautinautinautidear girls" (in the Little Language), "brats," "huzzies base," "impudence and saucy-face," "saucy noses," "my dearest lives and delights," "dear little young women," "good dars, not crying dallars" (which means "girls"), "ten thousand times dearest M D," and so forth in a hundred repetitions. They are, every now and then, "poor M D," but obviously not because of their own complaining. Swift called them so because they were mortal; and he, like all great souls, lived and loved, conscious always of the price, which is death.

There is something all but mystical in the uniting of the two as Swift loved them. It was

solemnly done; though man, with his summary and wholesale sentiment, has so persistently put them asunder. No wholesale sentiment can do otherwise than play havoc foolishly with such a relation. To Swift it was the most sequestered thing in the world. "I am weary of friends, and friendships are all monsters, except M D's;" "I ought to read these letters I write after I have done. But I hope it does not puzzle little Dingley to read, for I think I mend; but methinks," he adds, "when I write plain, I do not know how, but when we are not alone, all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug; it looks like P M D." "P" was for himself—"Presto," Italian for "swift." Again: "I do not like women as much as I did. M D, you must know, are not women." "God Almighty preserve you both and make us happy together." "I say Amen with all my heart-vitals, that we may never be asunder ten days together while poor Presto lives." "Farewell, dear beloved M D, and love poor, poor Presto, who has not had one happy day since he left you, as hope saved."

With them—with her—he hid himself in the world, at Court, at the bar of St. James's coffee-house, whither he went on the Irish mail-day, and was "in pain except he saw M D's little handwriting." He hid with them in the long labors of these exquisite letters every night and morning. If no letter came, he comforted himself with thinking that "he had it yet to be happy with"; and the world has agreed to hide the grace and singleness—the distinction—of this sweet romance under its own manifold blunders. "Little, sequestered pleasure-house"—it seemed as though the many could not miss it, but who has found it?

In her book on Queen Anne, Mrs. Oliphant protests against the consensus of critics and historians in pitying Stella as the victim of hope deferred and of Swift's coldness. Day and night he complains of the scantiness of M D's little letters: he waits upon "her" will: "I shall make a sort of journal, and when it is full I will send it whether M D writes or not; and so that will be pretty." "Naughty girls that will not write to a body!" "I wish you were whipped for forgetting to send—Go, be far enough, negligent baggages." "You, Mistress Stella, shall write your share, and then comes Dingley all together, and then Stella a little crumb at the end; and then conclude with something handsome and genteel, as 'your most humble cumbdumble.'" But Scott and Macaulay and Thackeray are all exceedingly sorry for Stella. A fig for their tears!

Swift is most charming when he is feigning to complain of his task: "Here is such a stir and bustle with this little M D of ours; I must be writing every night; O Lord, O Lord!" "I must go write idle things, and twiddle twattle." "These saucy jades take up so much of my time with writing to them in the morning." Is it not hard upon Mrs. Dingley that she should be stripped of all these ornaments to her name and memory? When Swift tells a woman in a letter that there he is "writing in bed, like a tiger," why, she should go gay in the eyes of all generations!

They will not let Stella go gay, because of sentiment; and they will not let Mrs. Dingley go gay, because of sentiment for Stella. Marry come up! Why did not the historians assign all the tender passages (taken very seriously) to Stella, and let Dingley have the jokes, then? That would have been more just, at least. But no, Dingley is allowed nothing.

There are passages, nevertheless, which can hardly be taken from her. For, now and then, Swift parts his dear M D. When he does so he invariably drops those initials and writes "Stella" or "Ppt" for the one, and "D" or "Dingley" for the other. There is no exception to this anywhere. He is anxious about Stella's "little eyes," and about her health generally; whereas Dingley is strong. Poor Ppt, he thinks, will not catch the "new fever," because she is not well: "But why should D escape it, pray?" And Mrs. Dingley gets a scolding for her narrative of a journey from Dublin to Wexford. "I doubt, Madam Dingley, you are apt to lie in your travels, though not so bad as Stella; she tells thumpers." Stella is often reproved for her spelling, and Mrs. Dingley writes a much better hand. She is a puzzle-headed woman, like another. "What do you mean by my fourth letter, Madam Dingleybus? Does not Stella say you had my fifth, goody Blunder?" "Now, Mistress Dingley, are you not an impudent slut to expect a letter next packet? Unreasonable baggage! No, little Dingley, I am always in bed by twelve, and I take great care of myself."

Swift is grateful, insistently grateful, for their inquiries for his health. He pauses seriously to thank them in the midst of his prattle. "You are a pretending slut, indeed, with your 'fourth' and 'fifth' in the margin, and your 'journal' and everything. O Lord, never saw the like, we shall never have done." "I never saw such a letter, so saucy, so journalistic, so everything." Both women—M D—are rallied on their politics: "I have a fancy that Ppt is a Tory. I fancy she looks like one, and D a sort of trimmer."

But it is for Dingley separately that Swift endured a wild bird in his lodgings. His man, Patrick, had got one to take over to her in Ireland. "He keeps it in a closet, where it makes a terrible litter; but I say nothing; I am as tame as a clout."

Happy, forgotten Dingley! She has not had

to endure the ignominy in a hundred essays of being retrospectively offered to Swift as an unclaimed wife; so far so good. But two hundred years is long for her to have gone stripped of so radiant a glory as is hers by right. "Better, thanks to M D's prayers!" wrote the immortal genius who loved her, in a private scrap of a journal, never meant for her eyes, or for Ppt's, or for any human eyes; and that rogue Stella has for two centuries stolen all the credit of those prayers, and all the thanks of that pious benediction.

ALICE MEYNELL.

SPORTS OF THE AMATEUR ON FIELD AND WATER

"Who misses or who wins the prize,
Go lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman!"

Football in the United States this year is to be favored with at least three different sets of rules. One code has been made by the Rules Committee of the University Athletic Club, consisting of Robert D. Wrenn of Harvard, John C. Bell of the University of Pennsylvania, Alexander Moffat of Princeton, Professor L. M. Dennis of Cornell, Paul Dashiell of Lehigh, Johns Hopkins and Annapolis, and Walter Camp of Yale. It is safe to assume that Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell and Yale will play under this code; also that the majority of colleges in the East will follow the University Athletic Club's rules, as they have for several years. Another code, and one framed some time before the meeting of the University Athletic Club's Rules Committee, is that adopted by several Western colleges and one that was framed by A. A. Staggs of Chicago and H. H. Everett of Illinois. Dr. Elsom of Wisconsin was also a member of this committee, but resigned when he found that rules were to be adopted without consultation or agreement with the Eastern rule makers. A majority of the colleges in the Middle West are likely to play under this set of rules. The third code, but one framed and adopted earliest of the three, is that of the Southern Association. The delegates who drew up this set of laws are W. L. Dudley, Vanderbilt University; C. H. Herty, University of Georgia; M. G. Johnston, University of the South; C. H. Ross, Alabama Polytechnic Institute; and John Lombard, Tulane University; and it is binding upon the colleges they represented and the following: Agricultural College of Mississippi, Central University of Kentucky, Clemson College, Cumberland University, Furman University, Georgia School of Technology, Louisiana State, Mercer University, Southwestern, University of Alabama, University of Nashville, University of Tennessee, and University of Texas.

While the three codes are all based upon the University Athletic Club's Rules Committee text of two years ago, they differ radically in one particular, and a most important particular; namely, the legislation upon the formation of a scrimmage, or, to put it more in football parlance, the question of mass plays. The Eastern rules are not altered from those governing for the last two years. They practically allow the ends to drop back or any other two players out of the line so long as five remain on the line of scrimmage and the men behind the line do not mass by bringing all the men inside the position occupied by the two men on the ends of the line. The Southern rules specify that there shall be seven men on the line of scrimmage, and the Western rules stand between the two in permitting certain massing under conditions, especially when a kick is to be made, but practically restraining such massing when a run is to be attempted. All three codes alter the scoring rule, the Southern and Western providing for a difference between a field kick (supposedly a drop kick) and a place kick goal; while the Eastern makes no such distinction, but reduces the count for a goal from a touchdown by one point from that in the old rule.

Other rules are altered in a way peculiar to each code, but not in such a manner as to materially affect the play. All of the three are considerably bettered in more distinctly defining doubtful points, so that the task of officials for the season of 1898 is made considerably easier and not so much left to individual ruling.

But were we to have fifty different sets of rules there would be the same old certainty of interesting matches between good teams. Even when Yale and Princeton had one set of rules, and Harvard, Pennsylvania and Cornell another, the old rivals, Princeton and Harvard, came together, compromised the differences in their code, and gave us a game long to be remembered. Those who journeyed to Princeton to witness that match will not soon forget it. This year the first of games to be scheduled between teams playing one under the Western code and the other under the Eastern is that between the Universities of Pennsylvania and Chicago, October 29, at Philadelphia. What sort of an arrangement will be reached for this meeting in the way of rules is a conjecture, but one may be sure that the play will be interesting, and that the difference of code will not stand between the man who has the ball and the man who means to stop him. The sport has in it a cer-

tainty not unlike its own tradition of "Play, rain or shine," and when two teams are anxious to see which is the better, rules, like the weather, become of small import. Those who went to the New London boat race this summer are now thorough advocates of the good old football principle mentioned above.

It is probable that there will be almost no team this year that will be taken away for summer practice. The men behind the line will be indulged with some preliminary kicking, and in some cases a nucleus of a team may be gathered at the college grounds for some days previous to the opening of the term; but the past practice of gathering an entire team and taking them to a secluded place for regular work has been abandoned and will hardly be resurrected.

The season is to be an early one, and the general feeling is that it will be a rapid one. The teams must be shaken into shape quickly, and will be called upon to play difficult matches when hardly out of the preliminaries. The Yale-Princeton game is scheduled for a date before the middle of November, while the Harvard-Pennsylvania game will be played on November 5. The appearance of four of the big teams thus in some of their most important matches before the middle of the football month, is something hitherto unheard-of, and will mean a lot of severe work for the coaches. There have been times in previous seasons when at that period of the year the second elevens were able to beat the 'varsities at all four of these institutions, owing to the late development of the first elevens. It may work a hardship upon some of the big fellows who mature slowly, but it will be a godsend, on the other hand, to some of the light, fiery, dashing players, who in a long season smash themselves to pieces before the end of November. Certainly no men ought to go fine between the end of September and the second week in November, and the coaches of Harvard and Pennsylvania, at least, can afford to drive their men up well for such a date as November 5.

The general outlook of the big teams is also peculiar. Princeton will be strong in the line, but badly swept out of veterans behind it. Yale will look over a field quite the reverse of this, having lost most of her line but kept her back men. Pennsylvania will work earnestly to secure what she has missed for several seasons—a good connection between line and halves in the shape of thoroughly satisfactory quarter-back work. Harvard will profit largely from the material she can draw from her last year's fresh-

man team—a really first-class organization for first year's men.

CHAMPION OF '98 MUST BE THE "STRONG MAN"

Last week the United States Golf Association, through its secretary, issued the general rules under which the amateur championship is to be played at Morris County Club of Morristown, N. J. Of course, the winner is to be called the "Champion Golfer" (for the year) and his club is to have the glory of the trophy—which, by the way, is valued at one thousand dollars. Then the first four winners are to receive medals, varying from bronze to gold. All these statements seem very natural and in no degree startling, but when we ascertain that the contestants shall, on the first day, play 36 holes, and from the total number the best 32 scores shall then be taken, and these golfers shall then play 36 holes match play until the finals are reached, we may be pardoned if we lift our eyebrows. The statement seems very innocent on its face, but on closer inspection it appears that the men whose destiny it is to travel through the finals must play 36 holes, each day, on September 12, 13, 14, 15, 16 and 17 (36 holes six days in succession); indeed, it looks as though the amateur golfer for 1898 ought to have the additional title of "Strong Man."

Making the best 32 scores qualify instead of the best 18 is a good change, especially when we take into consideration the rapid strides golf has taken in this country in a year; it also will be an incentive to all to play their very best and will be valuable as a rating for the year.

We hear nothing from the much-threatened rule of limiting the number of entries; there is not even a suggestion of it, but the association has been very clever in having it generally understood throughout the clubs that no contestant was expected to enter the championship who had not a rating of over six at his home club. It is surprising how well this is understood among the clubs, and I do not think the association will be unreasonably bothered by poor players. Of course, they will have to expect a certain amount of this sort of thing, but the limitation rule was always an unpopular one, even when it was merely talked of being put into effect, and the association has done well to handle this "boo-ga-boo" successfully.

It looks now as though the junior element would not take part, inasmuch as their parents deem the strain too great for young boys. It was not a week after young Hollins announced that he would not be permitted to play before it was generally understood that the whole colony of young fry would follow his lead. As much as

they will be missed, one cannot help but appreciate this action on the part of their parents, as it is wise and to be commended.

Up to the present time all the golfers have been pretty busy traveling around the circuit getting whatever preparatory tournament practice they could for the championship.

PROSPECT OF QUALIFYING

Blair, the Princeton player, had somewhat of an easy time at Englewood, as he defeated Ballou of Appawamis by 6 up in 5 to play.

Blair ought to qualify in the championship, because he knows the Morristown course from beginning to end and is a good consistent golfer; it is good golf all the time. At Bar Harbor, J. G. Thorp beat Robbins and Condon in a very meritorious handicap match. From his present form Thorp should qualify, especially since the qualifying number is enlarged to 32. He was very prominent two years ago when he finished second to Whigham, but last year he was away off his game and did not qualify.

Young Robertson, the Yale player, had it out with Choat, Jr., the Harvard player, at Stockbridge, and won with plenty of margin.

Curtiss, the intercollegiate champion, was beaten also in this match; but Curtiss will be among the first, notwithstanding he has been playing too much this summer, and it would be advisable for him to take some sort of a rest.

John Reid, Jr., seems to be playing pretty near the top at all times. He is a good tournament player, and hangs on well; he won the hardest tournament of the week at Saratoga.

From now on, all the championship cracks will take a rest, especially up to the time when the Morristown club throws open its grounds for preliminary practice. This will be done, undoubtedly, some time next week. One ought to be able to get a pretty fair line on their play at this time.

They say the best Chicago players this year will be McDonald and Walter Smith.

It will be too bad if Whigham is unable to defend his title. There is a bare possibility of his being well enough to attend the meeting as a spectator, but hardly a probability of his being able to play.

And speaking of the physical strength that is likely to be required by those who stay through the championships, one cannot but comment upon the wonderfully consistent play of the professional, Harry Vardon. This player went through Musselburgh, the open championship at Preswick, a tournament on the same links,

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF THE WAR—XIV. Drawn by PETER NEWELL



THE INVASION OF CONEY ISLAND

"PEACE HATH HER VICTORIES NO LESS THAN WAR"

one at St. Nicholas, at Windermere, at Carnoustie and at Elie-Earlsherry, winning them all, playing practically 26 holes a day and making the last five—180 holes—in 763 strokes. It is such golf that impresses the onlooker with the simplicity of the game, but brings that same onlooker to a realizing sense of the art of the thing when he himself begins to swing the clubs.

GOLF INVITATION TOURNAMENT AT SHINNECOCK
The women's Invitation Tournament at Shinnecock brought out a number of the best golfers from almost all the representative clubs, and gathered them together under the most charming hospitality, developing good winners and good losers in a way dear to the heart of every true sportsman. The absence of handicap in all the matches except the last was to the weary scratch player a most grateful riddance of an inexorable "old man of the sea," and matches were won on their merits.

CHARACTER OF THE PLAY
Miss Eidlitz of Ardsley was a new light on the horizon. Finishing last of the first eight, she worked her way steadily up to the finals with Miss Hoyt—an honor not to be underestimated among such strong and steady golfers. Her match with Miss Hoyt was a disappointment to many who had witnessed her fine game the three previous days, but steadiness in the face of the enemy is a virtue which comes only with experience, and the National Championship may bring out a very different showing.

SECOND PRIZE
The matches for the second prize between the three young women defeated by Miss Hoyt seemed like justice without mercy, placing the winner on the basis of the "survival of the fittest" from a physical rather than a golfing standpoint. It was won very satisfactorily, however, by Miss Barney, who is a player of much promise.

MANAGEMENT AGAINST WEATHER
The playing was over the men's course, twelve holes, twenty-four to qualify, and twenty-four in the finals. Mrs. A. De Witt Cochrane won the Consolation. The women in the second eight were almost, if not quite, up to the standard of the first eight, many, like Miss Clark, Miss Griscoine, Mrs. Cochrane and Miss Brooks, being worthy of the higher distinction, the three last named never having seen the course before. The matches were splendidly managed, Mr. Trevor giving up his entire week with the greatest good-nature and forgetfulness of self. The course is difficult and yet possible—a truly maddening combination. The weather was absolutely hopeless. Many of the decisive holes, when nerves were at their highest tension, were played in a blinding thunderstorm, with the rain pouring down in such sheets that to make a tee was an impossibility. Much better scores would have been made if the sun could have had a chance to dry the running and putting greens. Some very pretty putting, however, was done by Miss Mundé and Miss Brooks for two silver cups presented by Mrs. Barney.

MISS HOYT'S UNFAILING STRENGTH
Miss Hoyt was, as usual, in a class by herself. Her faculty of "playing up" when she is required to do so, and her capacity of being just a little better than any one else, no matter who it is, is a subject worthy of study for those who are ambitious to excel as she does. Altogether, the "Royal and Ancient Game" need not be ashamed of its women representatives in this country, and the National Tournament at Ardsley in the autumn bids fair to be the most hotly contested in the history of that event in America.

LAWN TENNIS
The record of Miss Juliette P. Atkinson of Kings County is as remarkable in tennis as that of Miss Beatrix Hoyt has been in golf. This young woman, by defeating Miss Wimer for the championship at Niagara-on-the-Lake, has added one more trophy to her already heavy string. This is her third win of what is called the international championship trophy, and as she has previously taken the United States and Canadian championships, besides winning with her sister the championship in women's doubles, it leaves her with a record not likely to be equaled for many years. Her final contest with Miss Wimer was a hard one, indeed, and from that very measurement may be gathered the worth of the game the latter plays. The score of the match was 10-8, 7-9, 6-4, 6-3, Miss Atkinson showing, as usual, most remarkable staying qualities.

Ware's inability to stay against Bond in the challenge round lost him the match, and was only what might have been expected after his hard and, toward the end, failing work at Newport. Stamina is needed to live successfully through a field of entries and play a desperate game at the finish, and this is what Ware lacks. At Newport there were many who fancied him against Whitman. He was spoken of as Whitman's "hoodoo," in the sense that he had upon former occasions been more than a match for his rival in headwork. Ware's judgment, when he is in physical trim to carry out his designs, is excellent, and it was that that would have stood him in good stead when meeting a player like Bond. Here, in every sense, Ware should—have been the man to hurt Bond's game. This he did in good fashion in the second set, winning it 6-1; but that set over, his bolt had been shot, and although he rallied well and bravely in the fourth set, Bond finally came out at 10-8, safely defending his title, 6-4, 1-6, 6-4, 10-8. **WALTER CAMP.**

THE LAYING OF THE GHOST

IT WAS during a long and tedious convalescence that I fled the frozen North and found a haven on a Louisiana plantation that skirted the low-lying tropical shores of the Gulf, where I might rest and lie fallow, and, in the balm of the orange groves, recruit my lost strength and energy.

I was accompanied by a bachelor uncle who, since my early orphanage, had been both father and mother to me. He was a chivalrous, generous-natured man—my ideal of an American gentleman. The only other occupants of the wide-galleried, rambling, plantation dwelling, exclusive of the servants, were our hostess, Mrs. Harley, a widow of the stately ante-bellum style, and Suzanne, her daughter, young and amply endowed with the dark, Murillo-like beauty peculiar to southern climes.

It was perhaps a month or more after our arrival that, one wakeful night, as I lay listening to the sea washing in from far-off Cuba with a melancholy cadence, I became aware of an obscure rustling, a moving about as of people and furniture, in an untenanted wing of the house adjoining our apartments. Bars of light filtered through the shuttered windows, and stifled sobs and whispers came with ghostly vagueness from the invaded chamber. Then all again was still, save for the sound of a continuous coughing—a cough so weird and hollow as to render sleep impossible.

Day dawned at length, bringing with it Isam, a young mulatto, who had been detailed to us for valet duty. "Who were your late arriving guests?" I inquired, idly.

Isam dropped the razor he was honing

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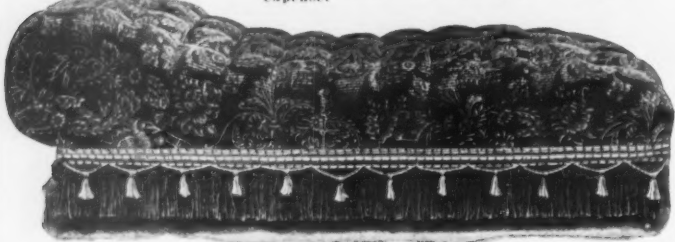
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and turned almost ashen with consternation.

"Guests," he quavered, "shore, Marse Dave, you must'er 'magine somfin."

There was nothing imaginary about the occupancy of the west wing nor the disturbing cough, both uncle and I insisted.

"How you gemmen harrifies me! Why, nobody's slept in dat ole wing since 'mancipation procleration wracked it wiv cannon balls. De wall's all broke an' de roof's saggin' in," persisted Isam, lying glibly. "It's pinionated dat it's shore de ole ha'n't come back. 'Taint nuffin to discumfuddle you minds erbout—most ole houses of de quality has 'em. Marse Harley once tole us niggahs of dis one w'at uster walk de corridahs of dat west wing o' nights a wailin' in po'try."

"It was a cough dat carried me off, It was a coffin dey carried me off in."

You gemmen bettah keep 'way from dar until I get ole Mammy June, she's a voodoo, ter come an' lay de ghost."

There were evidently immediate efforts made to "lay the ghost," for although in the stillness of the night an occasional cough was heard, yet it was so far removed and indistinct that it ceased to annoy us; and we gradually came to accept our supernatural guest as a picturesque part of our surroundings in this land of bygone glory.

Perhaps I should have mentioned heretofore that almost from the hour of our arrival I had been interested in following the development of an autumnal love drama, in which my gallant guardian (ignoring Samivel Veller's famous warning to "beavere of the viders") and the charming Mrs. Harley were the principals.

Everything had progressed tranquilly until the morning following the advent of the ghost, when, despite Isam's pretended ignorance, it was evident that its manifestations had affected the other members of the household even more profoundly than ourselves.

Mrs. Harley appeared at the breakfast table with a pale, insomniac face—her whole bearing that of a person who had suffered a severe shock, and was even now nerving herself to face some deadly peril. The very genius of unrest seemed to possess the hitherto languorous Suzanne, who wandered about the garden furtively watching the highway leading village-ward—while an atmosphere of mystery, as of impending calamity, pervaded the entire household, from Isam down to Midnight, the juvenile shadow of Miss Suzanne, who, at her bidding, would make flying trips down the road to where the bend cut off the view. Uncle was wellnigh distracted as time wore on and the widow and her daughter showed no inclination to confide their harassments to us, while we were powerless to aid so long as they maintained their attitude of reserve.

One early evening, as we were theorizing over the identity of the ghost, and the whyfore of his concealment in the ruined wing, Isam burst into the room, his eyes rolling wildly and his teeth chattering like castanets.

"Oh, Mars'rs," he gasped, "Missus in monstrous trouble—foh de Lawd's sake won' you help her?"

"I'm hers to command," declared my uncle, with unnecessary fervor, starting up.

"It's 'bout Marse Felix dat's hid 'way in de ole wing," Isam announced abruptly.

"Is Miss Suzanne married?" I interrupted in the same breath that uncle tremulously gasped: "Has Mrs. Harley a husband?"

"Lawd, no, neither on 'em," protested the sable son of Africa to the double query: "Marse Felix is ole Missus' son." And Isam hurried on: "Dey's comin' to rest him for murther. 'Fore Gawd Ernighy, it uz jus' an affair of honah 'mong gemmen w'at de law has nuffin to do wiv. Dey bringed Marse Felix heah wiv a bullet in his lung—dat's w'at you heah coughin'. Now, tother gemmen's gone an' died, and Midnight's jus' given wahnin' dat a posse's comin' to tote Marse Felix orf to pahrish prison—an' Missus' like to die."

"We'll defend our ghost as long as the ammunition lasts," declared uncle, valourously, beginning to load up his fire-arms.

"No shootin', sah, too much o' dat a'ready," objected Isam, and he proceeded to unfold a plot that would have met the approval of a practiced strategist.

"You see, Marse Dave's de berry image of Marse Felix in de dark—specially 'bout de laigs," he declared, in conclusion.

So, in accordance with Isam's scheme of salvation, "Marse Felix" was conveyed on a cot to our apartments and concealed behind the dust draperies in a closet off my dressing room, while I, as the quick southern night came down, with candle and sleep-inducing literature, took up my habitation in the haunted hall.

We had just become nicely settled in our several roles when the officers arrived. They were at once admitted, and, having evidently been accurately informed as to the fugitive's place of concealment, they came directly to the ruined wing where I awaited them.

Being ill and weak of nerve, it was not without some trepidation that I obeyed the summons to come forth and surrender in the name of the law.

"I have heah, sah, a warrant for the arrest of Mistah Felix Harley," commenced the sheriff.

"I don't see, sir, how that concerns me," I interrupted with well feigned indignation. "Allow me to inform you that this is my private apartment, and if you have no other excuse for this intrusion, oblige me by withdrawing."

"Not if the con't knows herself, Mistah Harley," retorted the sheriff. And in an instant I was handcuffed and dragged out into the full light of the main hall, where he was proceeding to formally serve his writ, according to the requirements of the law, when one of his deputies suddenly drewled out:

"Hole on, Cap'n, theahs some mistake heah—this ain't Felix Harley."

"Are you right shore?" asked the sheriff, "holing on."

"Dead shore," affirmed a second. "Won'erful resemblance—about same cut and figgah—but this un's a sissy blond while Felix's a black-eyed devil."

"A thousand pahdons, colonel," begged the sheriff, removing the bracelets. "It's all the fault o' them lyn' niggahs," he explained; and, overwhelmed with embarrassment, was about to withdraw, when what we had most feared occurred—a stifled cough, as though repressed with effort, came startlingly clear from the direction of my dressing room.

The officers also heard it, and immediately started to investigate the sound—and I felt that the game was up. But before they had reached the door it was flung open from within by Isam, and Midnight was thrust out into the hall, choking and sputtering as though his little black hide would burst.

"Heah, Miss Suzanne," called Isam, "dis imp o' youhs done gone swiped a pineapple, an' has filled his froat wiv spines tryin' to eat it bark'n all."

The posse watched with coarse amusement Midnight's paroxysms, while his vocal renditions effectually drowned all sounds that might issue from the room beyond.

But neither Midnight's performances nor Isam's ludicrous ministrations could have detained them much longer from continuing their search, when another pickaninny suddenly darted whooping up the gallery and into the broad hall, shouting:

"Boat's off—Marse Felix's safe!" and, with a defiant "Ki-yi!" directed at the representatives of order and the law, he disappeared into the darkness, of which he seemed a part.

Sheriff and deputies rushed precipitately to the gallery overlooking the Gulf, to discover well out from shore a shadowy hulk with dim side lights gliding toward the open sea.

"Gemmen, the house is open to youh inspection," said Isam, with derisive politeness. But the officers, in disgust, continued on to their horses at the gate.

Isam's stratagem had succeeded beyond all expectation.

"I didn't 'magine dat ole catamaran 'ud make such a splendiferous dis'pearance," ruminated Isam, as he returned to the house; "de boys'll sneak back soon's dey round de pint."

A few nights later a more seaworthy craft dropped anchor off the bay, and the victim of an outlawed code was carried secretly aboard and conveyed to France, where "affairs of honor" are still regarded with complacency, and where the necessary medical treatment might be obtained—and the ghost of Harley Grange was effectually "laid" at last.

The interrupted courtship again proceeded almost as serenely as hitherto, and ere the winter widened into spring, the charming widow had graciously consented to my uncle's assuming the guardianship of that spirited wraith, "Marse Felix," giving her sanction thereto at Hymen's altar—while the bewitching Suzanne—well, she has magnanimously promised to be a-cousin to me.

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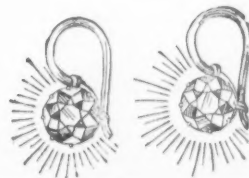
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